THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if pay you must. None but scalawags do oth erwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

WE ARE STILL ON DECK!

AND PROPOSE TO REMAIN THERE!

A Perfect Tornado in Low Prices.

To the numerous readers of the Freeman

V. S. BARKER & BROTHER

Send greeting, and as a matter of interest to all buyers invite attention to the special inducements below:

Men's Department.

We have the largest and most complete assortment of **BOOTS** ever seen in this or any other county, comprising all qualities from the coarsest to the finest, and at prices which defy competition. We cannot enumerate in this limited space, but append an example or two of our low prices in this department. For $2.50 we sell a man's boot, made from whole stock, with SADDLE SEAM, and fully warranted, which is 50 cents cheaper than a boot of the same quality can be bought from any other house in town. Also, a man's calf boot (warranted), with tap sole, either sewed or pegged, for $3.00. Our entire line will be sold at the same low rates, and if customers fail to find our prices far below those of other dealers they will not be asked to buy. A complete stock of boys' and youths' boots of every description, besides gum boots at prices a little cheaper than other dealers demand.

In **CLOTHING** we have special bargains to offer, as we keep a full stock of medium priced garments as well as samples of finer goods, and will take your order for any kind of a fine suit, which we guarantee to furnish for less money than you can buy the same kind of goods in Altoona or Johnstown. For **$10 Suits** in DOMESTIC woolens we challenge competition. In OVERCOATS we carry the only complete stock in town, and defy any one to compete with our prices, while in CASSIMERES and CLOTHS we have the most attractive and varied assortment ever exhibited in Ebensburg, and can have suits made to order on short notice. Don't buy your pants' goods before buying.

We keep at all times a full line of UNDERWEAR, from the cheapest to the best, and as an example of our low prices on these goods, and the only one we have room for, we quote good, heavy undershirts or drawers each, and full suits at 50 cents. Who can beat these figures?

Ladies' Department.

WE WISH TO CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR

SUPERB STOCK of LADIES' COATS,

which we have in great variety and at all prices from $2.50 up to the highest. We certainly have woolens for sale in this line, the like or equal of which ladies who need coat for the coming winter, but do not wish to pay fancy prices for, would say, come and examine our stock now and select what you want and we will lay it away, which will be done with pleasure, as by so doing you will have a large assortment to select from, and may not be the case long, as we expect to reduce the stock very much before the 25th inst. Remember anything you want you will find at our store, don't forget to look at the counts, which we will be pleased to show you whether you wish to buy or not.

In **BLACK CASHMERES** we have a nice line, and are giving great bargains in them as well as other DRESS GOODS of various qualities and textures. OUR SILK DEPARTMENT will keep a full stock of all kinds and styles and prices. We also have a neat and complete stock of LADIES' KNIT JACKETS, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, &c., as well as the best line of WATERPROOFS for ladies' cloaks and children's wear ever brought to Ebensburg.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

We would call special attention to our **CARPETS.** We have completed arrangements with one of the largest Carpet Houses in New York whereby we are enabled with the aid of a wonderful invention to

RICHARDSON'S CARPET EXHIBITOR,

take from our counter on door, as it were, the entire stock of a New York Wholesale House. We have on exhibition in our store, which will give you an opportunity to select any carpet you may desire from the largest variety of new and elegant patterns.

We have just received a choice lot of BLANKETS, which we are offering at prices ranging from $2 to $6. Also, a full stock of CLOCKS, and are now prepared to furnish the best and cheapest, no matter how common or how elaborate, at prices fully 25 per cent. cheaper than any house in this county for stocks of the same make and finish.

We have also added to our stock a handsome line of CLOTHS, with unqualified inducements, our prices being the lowest but our stock the largest and best in town, comprising all widths and patterns for lounges or tables.

OTHER GOODS IN ENDLESS PROFUSION.

We have enumerated only a few of the many articles we have for sale, as it would require many times more than we would like to pay for to give a full list of all the goods we keep. Suffice it to say we have the largest stock of merchandise in Ebensburg—almost more than double what any house in this county—all of which we bought at the lowest cash prices, while many of the goods were purchased at the panic prices. Of this latter class we note Cotton Flannels, which we purchased largely in July and at prices much lower than they could be bought for now. Also, a much greater stock of Boots and Shoes, as well as many other goods which might be mentioned, but which are all bought at the old and more moderate prices of three months ago. This is what will enable us to compete with our prices, while in CASSIMERES and CLOTHS we have the most attractive and varied assortment ever exhibited in Ebensburg, and can have suits made to order on short notice. Don't buy your pants' goods before buying.

We keep at all times a full line of UNDERWEAR, from the cheapest to the best, and as an example of our low prices on these goods, and the only one we have room for, we quote good, heavy undershirts or drawers each, and full suits at 50 cents. Who can beat these figures?

OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH, or Country Produce at Cash Prices,

☞We buy all kind of grain, beans, onions, chestnuts, and other produce. Call at our store and we will take great pleasure in showing you our goods and informing you of our prices, whether you buy anything or not.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.

Ebensburg, October 8, 1879.-tf.

NINETY-FIVE PER CENT. STERLING RUBBER BOOT.

Made to supply the popular demand for an All-Rubber Boot, and as pure as can be made. Dipped so that the thickness of rubber, the fibre or grain of which is crossed at right angles, whereby separation of the three "ply leading" is made impossible. Ordinary Rubber Boots invariably wrinkle, leading to cracks, besides chafing the feet and ankles, and wearing out in stockings. All this is obviated by the Double Upper and Leg. The bottoms are of *Solid Rubber*, half inch thick, and not filled with Rags, like common Rubber Boots. In the cut below, the black part marked "Solid Rubber Filling," in ordinary Rubber Boots is made of ground-up scraps of cloth, and is neither durable nor water-proof; but our Ninety-Five Per Cent. Sterling Boot," when the tap sole and long sole are worn through, a third sole—all solid Rubber—presents itself, and adds 100 per cent. additional wear without increase of bulk or weight. These soles will outwear several pairs of common Rubber Boots.

Sectional View
OF THE
95 Per Cent. Sterling
RUBBER BOOT.
Showing the Solid Rubber Filling Sole in place of the Rag Filling used in ordinary Rubber Boots.
SOLID RUBBER FILLING
DOUBLE THICK TOP
DOUBLE THICK SOLE
SOLID RUBBER FILLING SOLE
IRON HEEL GUARD

Warranted Three Months,

and there may be no question as to the time, the patent leather is worn in evil, provides a space for every day, month and year, so that the retail dealer when making a sale, can punch the date thereof, and the Boots will in this way have permanent record of that date. This seems to help certain. Every Boot bears the warrant in Italic letters on the leg, and is accordingly high priced. Sold at this and Boots, Shoes and Rubbers generally, with proper care will render good service from Fall into Spring.

The Poor Man's Boot.

FOR SALE BY

S. BLUMENTHAL,

1119 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

Grand Opening

OF

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

HATS AND CAPS! HATS AND CAPS!

Furnish'g Goods, &c.,

For Gents, Youths Boys and Children.

ONE PRICE AND FAIR DEALING IN ALL CASES!

☞The above Goods are entirely new and guaranteed the finest, best and cheapest in the city. Call and examine.

S. B. CORN & CO.,

1307 Eleventh Avenue, ALTOONA, PA.

S. B. CORN & CO., ALTOONA.

Iron City College.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Thoroughly devoted to the practical education of young and middle aged men for active business pursuits. Always in session. Students can enter any time. Send for circular.

J. H. SMITH, A. M., Principal.

☞Monthly payments guaranteed to Agents Outfit free. Shaw & Co., Augusta, Maine.

CAUTION.—Whereas my wife, Mary E. Stromer, has left my bed and board without any just cause, all persons are hereby notified that I will not pay any bills, accounts, or debts contracted by her, unless contracted by due course of law. GEORGE JOS. STROMER.

Washington Twp., Nov. 25, 1879.-3t.*

PIGS FOR SALE.—The subscriber has a choice lot of young pigs of the Essex and Berkshire breeds, which he will sell at moderate prices. JOSEPH C. WARD.

Ebensburg, Nov. 14, 1879.

PIANOS and ORGANS!

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE IN PENN'A.

Having recently accepted the General Agency for Central Pennsylvania (in addition to our old territory), with headquarters and

LARGE STORE ROOM AT 1404 ELEVENTH AVE., ALTOONA,

IN CHARGE OF MR. GEORGE W. GOOD,

And being desirous of extending our already immense sales of the most celebrated and most desirable

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Ever introduced to a music-loving public, we respectfully invite all who are desirous of purchasing a

First-Class Instrument

OF EITHER KIND TO GIVE US A CALL.

WE SELL NO PIANO OR ORGAN

THAT WE CANNOT FULLY WARRANT, AND BEING THE

Largest Dealers in the State

OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

Our House was established in 1831 in Pittsburgh, where we will continue at No. 79 Fifth Avenue.

Instruments Sold on Small Monthly Payments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

PIANOS { Haines Brothers. WEBER. NEWTON & CO. } ORGANS { PALACE. STERLING. Mason & Hamlin.

GEO. W. GOOD,

1404 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

MELLOR & HENRICKS,

[8-27.] 79 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. [6m.]

THE LATEST NEWS AND BEST!

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

IN GREAT PROFUSION AT

FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW

THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,

Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,

Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS, GLASS, TUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 40 cents each. Also for sale, the

BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional wareroom, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and eager seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful of many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, Oct 3, 1879.

ROCHESTER CLOTHING.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING

Ever displayed in Altoona is now ready for inspection in unsurpassable elegance and unequalled variety at

GODFREY WOLF'S

POPULAR PIONEER

FASHION EMPORIUM!

AS TO QUALITY, NEATNESS, DURABILITY AND FIT, THE

ROCHESTER MAKE OF CLOTHING

Is really the best in the market, while its stock and prices we defy competition.

NO HOUSE IN BLAIR COUNTY CAN COMPARE WITH OUR'S,

So don't fail before investing in a new suit to call and inspect the goods at

GODFREY WOLF'S UNRIVALLED CLOTHING BAZAAR,

Twelfth Street, Next Door to the Postoffice, Altoona, Pa.

October 3, 1879.-tf. G. WOLF, Proprietor.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING and COOKING STOVES

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE ITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-26,'79.-tf.]

$10 to $1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks make fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N. Y.

WANTED.

Young Men and Ladies to learn Telegraphy. Good situations guaranteed. Address with stamp OBERLIN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, Ohio.

THE FATE OF THE PAST YOUNG MAN.

WRITTEN IN THE STATE'S PRISON.

It's curious, isn't it, Billy,
The changes that twelve months may bring;
Last year I was at Saratoga,
As happy and rich as a king.
I was raking in pools on the races,
And feeing the waiters with "tens,"
And sipping mint-juleps by twilight,
And to-day I am here in the pen.

"What led me to do it?" What always
Leads men to destruction and crime?
The prodigal son, whom you've read of,
Has altered somewhat in his time;
He spends his substance as freely
As the biblical fellow of old,
But when it is gone he fancies
The husks will turn into gold.

Champagne, a box at the opera,
High steps, while fortune is flush,
The passionate kisses of women,
Whose checks have forgotten to blush;
The old, old story, Billy,
Of pleasure that end in tears:
The froth and foams for an hour—
The dregs that are tasted for years.

Last night, as I sat here and pondered
On the end of my evil ways,
There arose like a phantom before me,
The scene of my boyhood days,
I thought of my old home, Billy;
Of the school-house on the hill;
Of the brook that flowed thro' the meadow—
I can e'en hear its music still,

Again I thought of my mother—
Of the mother who taught me to pray—
Whose love was a precious treasure
That I heedlessly cast away.
I saw again, in my vision,
The fresh-lipped, careless boy,
To whom the future was boundless,
And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here;
Of my ruined and wasted life;
And the pangs of remorse were bitter—
They pierced my heart like a knife.
It takes some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of fate,
When the yearning ambitions of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.

A TRUE STORY.

In 1856, when the English and French were at war with the governor of Canton, a number of their boats ascended a creek to a town called Faatee, where the sailors amused themselves by robbing and ill-treating the inoffensive villagers.

Ten days later, a cutter from the English fleet, in passing the town, was set upon by the inhabitants, whose friends had suffered at the first party, and the result was a massacre from which only three of the foreigners escaped.

In the excitement consequent to the times, no inquiry was made as to the cause of the attack. At once a strong force was despatched, with a demand for the person of the head man of the village, whose name was Sung-Seen. Upon learning that his surrender would save his people from further reprisals, Sung-Seen gave himself up, and was conveyed to Macao Fort, in the Canton river.

When the news reached the old man's sons, four youths, who were studying at a Chinese College in Fatshan, they hurried home, determined to rescue their father from the hands of the English. The undertaking was foolhardy, and its success seemed simply impossible.

Sung-Seen was confined in the upper story of a pagoda. The building stood in the centre of the fort. The fort itself was garrisoned by two hundred English seamen and marines. Its walls were patrolled day and night. Notwithstanding this, the boys found means to send a message to their father and informed him of their plans.

Upon the evening fixed for the attempted rescue, I was on my way from Canton. Near the village my boat was attacked by river pirates, and my men were obliged to seek refuge in this fort, where I was warmly welcomed by the lieutenant in charge, an old friend named Brown. After I was comfortably settled in his quarters, he said—

"I have just received a warrant to execute Sung-Seen. As I don't know a word of Chinese, I am puzzeled how to inform him of his fate. He is to be shot to-morrow. Would you mind telling him what my orders are?"

I replied that I knew the prisoner, and had been active in petitioning the commander-in-chief to spare his life.—Under the circumstances it would have been exceedingly painful for me to comply with his request. However, upon learning that I was the only foreigner in the place that could speak Chinese and thinking I might be of some service to the doomed man, I consented.

"The old fellow received your message very coolly," observed the lieutenant, as we seated ourselves in the apartment below. "You must not leave here to-night. The river is swarming with pirates. I will give you a bed and you can leave early in the morning."

I thankfully accepted his offer, and after ordering my men to haul up their boat, I returned to the pagoda. It was impossible for me to throw off a feeling of depression at the thought of Sung-Seen's fate, and for that reason I said but little, and proved, I am afraid, very poor company for my host.

We heard the loud voice of a sentry, followed by the report of a rifle. Hurrying out to learn the cause of the alarm we were informed that a body of Chinese had landed on the lower part of the island and were setting fire to everything that would burn.

"They will fire the boathouses next," hurriedly remarked the lieutenant, referring to some sheds that stood about fifty yards from the fort. "Fall in, all but the sentries, and open the gate."

Never for a moment imagining that the attack had anything to do with the rescue of Sung-Seen, but believing it to be made by pirates, I shouldered a rifle and joined my friend.

Meanwhile the extreme end of the island appeared to be enveloped in flames. As we marched down to the boat-sheds we noticed a figure busily employed in spreading the fire.

"I can't understand this," said the lieutenant, leveling his night-glass in the direction of the daring intruder. "I only make out one of the rascals yet. By the way he signals; he must have a number of accomplices. See whether some of you cannot pick him off."

Tha words had scarcely passed his lips when the sailors and marines began to fire at the incendiary; while to our amazement he slowly advanced, shouting:

"*Fanqui la! Fanqui la!*"

As though bearing a charmed life, the solitary figure at which they were firing continued to approach our men, uttering all the time his derisive cry.

On he came, and by the lurid light of the burning reeds that covered the swamp part of the island, we presently saw that he was a mere boy of fourteen or fifteen years.

Still, in their excitement, the riflemen blazed away.

"*Fanqui la!*" repeating the incendiary, folding his arms and bravely defying us, until he fell forward, wounded in a dozen places.

The attack had been so sudden and the incendiary's daring so astonishing that the men had not realized the cruelty of their act. But now, as they gathered round the prostrate form, every man expressed pity for him and wished they had not yielded to the frenzy of the moment.

Bidding them form into two companies and search the lower part of the island, and extinguish the fire, the lieutenant said to me—

"The poor fellow is speaking. Will you ascertain what he says, while I look after my people?"

Advancing to the sufferer, I raised him in my arms, when I discovered he was Sung-Wang, the youngest son of the unfortunate man confined in the fort. Then it flashed across my mind that he had sacrificed his life to save his father's.

Aided by a kind-hearted seaman, I carried him into the fort, and having placed him on a lounge in our quarters, informed him who I was. Upon this he opened his eyes and faintly said—

"Tell me, has my father escaped? I cannot die until I know."

As he spoke, my host entered the pagoda, and hurriedly remarked that the men had been unsuccessful in their search. Then he mounted to the floor above, but returned in a moment with an angry exclamation on his lips and declaring that the prisoner had got away. His handcuffs and irons were there, but the man had vanished. A rope was hanging out of the windows, by which he must have descended, between two of the sentries.

"See what you can get out of the boy," said the lieutenant; "he surely knows something of the affair;" and then he rushed away, leaving me with the dying lad, to whom I immediately translated what had been said.

It appeared to give Sung-Wang momentary strength, for he half rose and exclaimed—

"Now I am happy—am happy! Do not weep for me but rejoice in my honorable death. Fortunate is the child who dies for his parent. Tell my father that my last thoughts were of him."

As he uttered these words he sank back into my arms and died as peacefully as a child sleeps.

"Noble boy!" said the lieutenant, when he learned the full extent of Sung-Wang's heroism. "What a love of his it must have been to give him courage enough to face that hail of bullets! These Chinese are a wonderful people. Well, we'll bury him with naval honors."

An hour before sunrise I quitted Macao Fort, carrying with me all that was mortal of the faithful Chinese lad. Two months after, when the blockade was raised, I visited Faatee, when I learned from his brothers the particulars of their father's rescue.

They had drawn lots to decide which of them should act as decoy while the others scaled the walls of the fort. The dangerous duty fell to the youngest brother and he had indignantly refused to yield it to either of the other brothers.

I entered a sedan-chair and was conveyed to Sung-Seen's house. In the reception room I found the venerable father. He was surrounded by a number of his friends, who were proud that the village should be the birth place of such a son as Sung-Wang.

Had I not understood the Chinese character, I should have been astonished at the conduct of the Chinaman when he was told the last words of the heroic boy. His face gave no indication of the terrible grief he felt.

Bowing gravely, he thanked me for bringing to him the body of the child; and also for the visit I had made him when he was a prisoner. After this he received the congratulations of the assembly and then retired, leaving the visitors to take their departure.

As soon as the crowd had left, Sung-Seen re-entered the apartment, and in a tremulous voice requested me to follow him.

With his sons accompanying us at a respectful distance, he led the way across the fields of rice, just then developing their first green leaves, and conducted us to a grove of trees upon a knoll, in the side of which was built a horse-shoe shaped tomb.

Up to that time he had restrained all emotion; but as he pointed to the grave tears rolled down his cheeks. "My boy sleeps there," he said; and covering his face with both hands, he sank, sobbing, upon the marble slab.

According to the custom of the country, I decorated the tomb with boughs of the beautiful peach-blossom, which in China signifies remembrance, and thus paid my last tribute of respect to Sung-Wang, who died a martyr to filial devotion.

The Chinese as a nation have most assuredly secured the fulfillment of the promise of the fifth commandment—"Honor thy father and thy mother *that thy days may be long in the land!*"

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—Some fifteen years ago Olga Eskold obtained such fame for her vocal powers that an enthusiastic patron removed her from the Swedish village in which she had always lived to give her training in the Royal Conservatory of Music, at Stockholm. In bidding good-bye to her old home Olga told her village lover, Christian Sielhorn, that he had better think no more about her, as they would soon be very wide apart. Young Sielhorn grew desperate and that night left for America without a word. He settled in Buffalo and worked for over thirteen years as a ship carpenter. Nearly two years ago he made up his mind to go back to Sweden and find out what become of Olga. At New York he was robbed of almost all his earnings and remained in Bellevue Hospital, ill with brain fever, for several months. Upon reaching Stockholm he learned that Olga's voice had broken down, that she had married long ago and had also gone to America. Sielhorn's old love still burned and he came back to this country. After a long search he found that Olga had been living in Buffalo, his own city, for several years. She was a widow and had a family of eight children. Last week Olga and Christian were married, and started in a wagon with all the children overland to Kansas.

AN Arab who was quarrying stone at a place about four miles and a half from Gaza, in Palestine, recently, unearthed a marble figure supposed to be a colossal god of the Philistines. The height is fifteen feet. The hair hangs in ringlets down upon the shoulders, and the beard is long, indicating a man of great age. There is no inscription on the figure or the pedestal, which is a huge block carved in one piece with the figure. The statue was found buried in sand on the top of a hill near the sea.

GETTING SATISFACTION.

Half an hour before the morning train over the Canada Southern road was to leave for Toledo yesterday, a pompous fat man, with several parcels in his arms, entered the depot with a great rush, and made a bee line for a Grand Trunk train. When halted at the gate and asked what train he wanted to take, he replied:

"I'm going to Toledo, and if you make me miss the train I'll sue you for damages."

"But this isn't the train for Toledo."

"Why isn't it, sir; why is the old Harry isn't this train for Toledo?" loudly demanded the fat man.

"Because the train for Toledo stands over on the track there."

"Then why didn't you tell me so in the first place? I've a good mind to report you to your superiors."

"You'll find the Superintendent up stairs," humbly replied the gate-keeper.

"And I'll lodge complaint against you; yes, I will! Travelers have rights and those rights must be maintained."

The fat man rushed half way up stairs and the whistle of a yard engine made him halt and turn and rush down again. Reaching the gates of the Canada Southern train, he called out: "It is your business to give warning at least three minutes before the train leaves!"

"And I'm going to do it," replied the gate-keeper. "It is over twenty minutes yet before train time. Please show your ticket."

"Show my ticket! Do you suppose a man in my position means to steal a ride on the hind trucks?"

"The rule is for all passengers to show their tickets."

"I don't believe it, and I want your name. I'll go up to the superintendent and see if travelers have any rights in this depot. Your name, sir."

"My name is Bumps, sir, and I'm a poor widower, with seven children to support."

"I don't care a cent if you've got seventeen children to support. I'll bump Bumps till he'll never dare sass another traveler!"

The fat man rushed up stairs again, and was heard galloping through the halls and passages and calling for the superintendent. The janitors passed him along until he came down the outside stairs on the public streets.

"Have a hack, sir?" yelled about forty drivers in chorus.

"No, sir; no, sir;" he screamed in reply.

"Have a wagon?" howled twenty expressmen in his ears.

"Never! never! I want to get into the depot. If I miss that train I'll sue the whole city!"

He was shown the public entrance, and he made a rush for a Flint & Pere Marquette train just making up.

"That isn't the train for Toledo," called several voices, and he hurried over to where Bumps was standing, and said:

"I'll fix you for this, sir! Let me in this gate!"

"Ticket, please."

"Yes, I'll show you my ticket, and as soon as I reach Toledo I'll make an affidavit of this affair and send it back to the superintendent."

He passed through and entered a coach. A woman was saying she feared her trunk had not come down on the baggage wagon, and he dumped his parcels into a seat and said:

"I hope it hasn't. It will serve you just right to miss it. A person who hasn't got spunk enough to stand right up to these railroad folks and let 'em know what's what, ought to lose her trunk. They tried to bluff me around just now, and when they found they couldn't do it, they couldn't be too humble and obliging. Go out and blast them, madam—blast their eyes till they can't rest!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE LAWYER WHO DIDN'T TAKE IT.—Up in New Hampshire is an old eccentric individual, a self constituted curer of all ills: a sort of universal panacea, "body and soul, head, heart and conscience doctor," who with all his eccentricities has a fund of actual wit that is hard to beat. Not long ago the "doctor" was called upon the witness stand. The opposing counsel, who is said sometimes to "wet his whistle" with "liquor pizen," knowing the doctor's peculiarities, ventured in cross-examining to show him up a bit. The result will be appreciated:

"What is your business?" promptly inquired the counsel.

"My business is to do what little good I can to my fellow man," modestly replied the doctor.

"But that doesn't answer my question," gruffly replied the counsel.—"How do you spend your time?"

"Why, Squire, it takes about all my time to do what I said," remarked the doctor.

"But I want something more definite," stoutly demanded the counsel. "How do you go about your business?"

"That depends on circumstances according to the nature of the case," explained the doctor. "For instance if I were going to begin on you, the first thing I should do would be to advise you to sign a temperance pledge."

The court roared, and the counsel, as if convinced the doctor was pursuing a legitimate and respectable vocation, proceeded with the singular cross-examination.

THE STATE FAIR TRICK.—Soon after breakfast, yesterday morning, a negro who was crossing the Campus Martius was halted by a run-down white man with a bad khik in his left eye, and asked if he intended to visit the State Fair during the week.

"Yes, sah—Ize guine up dar at least fo' times," was the reply.

"Well, now, I want ten cents to get a drink, and if you give me that sum I'll tell you how you can make your way through any of the gates without the least trouble."

"Wouldn't I be kotched?"

"Not a bit ov it. I'll warrant you go through without a word, and I only want ten cents for telling you how. I wouldn't give it away to anybody but a sharp, keen man like you."

"Well, I'll take dat in," said the negro, as he handed over a dime. "Now den, how kin I pass the gates?"

The white man put his movth close to the other's ear and replied:

"Pay 'em fifty cents!"

It would have been a pretty even fight, but an officer came along and squelched it in the blossom.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LITTLE boy refusing to take a pill, his mother placed it in a piece of preserved pear, and gave it to him. In a few minutes she said: "Tommy, have you eaten the pear?" "Yes, mother, all but the seed."

SAM PATCH'S LAST LEAP.

The recent fiftieth anniversary of the first great leap made by the noted Sam Patch, has resulted in the bringing to light of the following description, by an eye-witness, of the great acrobat's last and fatal jump:

The writer first saw him in Rochester in the autumn of 1839. Sam had spent the preceding month in the vicinity of the Falls of Niagara, and had made two successful attempts to "leap the cataract," as the feat was styled. A stage was erected some eighty feet above the surface of the river, at the foot of the precipice, and from that Patch jumped, alighting in the foam at the edge of the American fall. Sam maintained a large black bear as a pet, and he always took his animal on the stage and threw him off before venturing to jump himself. The bear always alighted and swam out safely. Not so, however, with his master. Soon after showing that "some things could be done as well as others" at Niagara, Patch and his bear came to Rochester. He was hospitably received by that portion of society called "sportsmen," who maintained a delegation then, as now, in every large town. These disinterested gentry lodged Sam at a fashionable restaurant, and kept him generously supplied with the ardent. A day was set for the leap at the Genesee Falls, the principal of which then was a copious cascade ninety-five feet in height, within the corporate limits of Rochester—the "fall" of which now furnishes water power to many mills, factories, etc., to the exhaustion almost of the usual stream. Patch came on the ground at 10 A. M., in fine spirits, leading bruin by a chain. He was received tumultuously by a crowd estimated at 4,000 people, lining the river bank on both sides just below the falls. "The performance" was designedly deferred until the afternoon—the interim being occupied by Sam's patrons in passing hats and collecting large quantities of small coin "for the poor fellow." (It was believed poor Patch neither knew nor cared much about these contributions). About 1 P. M. the "thousand of all eyes" stepped boldly to the edge of a rock jutting over the abyss below, dragging his unwilling hirsute companion. By a sudden jerk the man sent his "colored friend" whirling in the air, descending to the misty depths, which he pierced in a moment, a moment longer hid from view, and then emerged and gained the bank with a half drowned aspect.

Bruin having been recaught by a friendly hand, his master prepared to follow in his footsteps. Arrayed simply in pantaloons, shirt and slippers, with a kerchief of gay colors jauntily tied on his head, Patch bowed to his admiring audience on either side, and then, gracefully leaping out from the rock, spreading his arms as he assumed position, holding his feet together and leaning slightly backward, he rapidly gravitated to the waters below. As he always graduated his place so as to strike the edge of the fall at the end of his descent, he was fully in sight to all from whom the banks did not hide him, until entering the river below. Thus he was seen to strike the water feet foremost, having suddenly thrown his arms down close to his body. He reappeared some rods down the stream; and in such "fine feather" that a little boat which was waiting to receive him was spurned from him with a contemptuous push, and the triumphant diver swam ashore.

This feat was so successful that its projectors, Sam's keepers, determined on a second performance even more wonderful.—They erected a scaffold on the same jutting rock, twenty-five feet high, so that the entire height proposed to be leaped was forty yards. The time was set for the next fast, precisely one week from the first, and on the occasion even a greater crowd than before assembled. Similar delays and collecting operations were observed; but, early in the afternoon, poor Sam climbed a ladder to his dizzy eyrie, and assumed as erect a position as his maudlin condition warranted. The writer viewed him from the roof of a neighboring factory, but memory is yet fresh as to the sickening sensations experienced while seeing Sam topple on his dizzy height. However, there was not much time for suspense. The bear was loosed from his moorings, whining a pitiful strain and ruthlessly plunged into the deep. As before, he escaped scot free, guided by a providential instinct. Besides, the bear was sober. Not so with his unfortunate master, who, after awkwardly making obeisance toward the spectators. This time, however, his form bent to the right and it struck the water below with a noise that might have been heard half a mile. This was on a cold, murky, dismal day in November. The body of poor Sam was not again seen by human eye until the next March, when it was found by a fishing party at the mouth of the river, seven miles below, sadly bloated by decomposition and nibbled by fishes. On that gloomy autumn day, the author of the adage demonstrated that among the "things to be done as well as others" was that of safely jumping the Genesee Falls with a skin full of whiskey.

AMERICA'S GREATEST BRIDGE.—A New York journal remarks:

People who cross to and from Brooklyn by ferry are apt to look up at the great East river bridge and wonder what assurance they have that when the heavy floor is built and loaded with travel, it will be safely held up by the suspending cables. These cables have just been tested by a machine which is the most elaborate and perfect of its kind in the world. It is the one planted on the government grounds at the Watertown, Mass., arsenal, designed by Mr. A. H. Emery, and and is, indeed, a marvel of skilled construction, for it shows how many ounces are needed to break a piece of thread, and how many tons to fracture a steel beam. The apparatus is microscopic in accuracy, insomuch that it registers, in a breaking weight of a million pounds, within one pound of the mass needed. This was the machine selected to test the suspending cables, and Messrs. William H. Payne and Isaac Newton, engineers connected with the Brooklyn bridge, recently spent four days in the tests at the arsenal, which is under charge of Col. T. T. S. Laidley, of the ordnance corps. Instead of using small sections of the suspending cables, they took lengths that would make the results decisive. Not to go into technicalities, the tests were entirely satisfactory, and showed that the precautions taken in putting together the parts were ample for their purpose. The suspending cables were found by the engineers to possess a strength much greater than is required to resist the strain that will be put upon them in actual use. A thought suggested by this test is that it is a matter of regret that a machine so useful should be left on one side of the central lines of iron and steel construction. It cost the government nearly a hundred thousand dollars, and it would be well to have it used freely by the people.

A RISKY LOSS.—The Hartford correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* tells the following story of how a Hartford manufacturer lost and found $10,000 in United States bonds:

The gentleman in question is a heavy capitalist, who occasionally has to borrow large sums for a short time and uses United States bonds as collateral on such occasions. In the present instance he had just paid up a loan and called in his bonds, which he placed in a tin box. On his way to his office he stopped at the boot-maker's and tried on a pair of new boots. Nothing was thought of the bonds for a fortnight, when another member of the firm needed to use them at the bank and searched the office safe in vain. The hero of the tale was in New York, to which point a dispatch was sent to the effect that the bonds couldn't be found. He returned to Hartford post-haste and went over the route taken the day he had last seen them. As he entered the shoemaker's shop the man of leather said: "Ah, Mr. ——, I am glad to see you. Didn't you leave an old tin box here a week or so since?" There it is, stowed away on that upper shelf. It lay here on the floor a day or two after your call, when I shelved it until some claimant appeared." The manufacturer eagerly opened the box and found his $10,000 of bonds uninjured and intact.

ALL who advertise do not get rich, but very few get rich without.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - DEC. 12, 1879.

THE present internal revenue system was organized September 1, 1862. Since that time there has been collected on distilled spirits, up to the close of the last fiscal year, $589,076,115, the number of gallons paying this tax being 837,417,-694. During the same period the total amount of tax collected from tobacco was $332,250,650, which was the tax on 1,421,435,000 pounds. On cigars there has been collected since the law went into force $114,651,536. The average rate of tax on spirits was about 70 cents per gallon, and on tobacco about 24 cents per pound.

DON CAMERON is reported as concentrating all the force of his mighty intellect on the passage through the Senate of a resolution to adjourn over until Wednesday next, in order to enable the Republican members of Congress to attend Grant's reception in Philadelphia on Tuesday. He ought to succeed in putting the job through, since he got the Senate last summer to adjourn two days to attend the Baltimore races, which we think afford quite as much intellectual entertainment as can be got out of one of Grant's third-term receptions engineered by a set of hungry prospective office-holders.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, the Mormon delegate in Congress from Utah, who divides his affections between several wives, and, therefore, ought to be good authority on the question of polygamy, stated in Washington the other day that among the Mormons not more than one man in ten has more than one wife—that there are 150,000 Mormons altogether, of whom 30,000 are men—and that not more than 3,000 of them have a plurality of wives. He also says that the Mormons believe in "home rule," which means, we suppose, that a follower of Brigham Young has the scriptural right to marry just as many women as he pleases.

DENNIS KEARNEY announced at a meeting on the San Francisco sand lots last week his intention of going to Ireland to take part in the present land agitation in that country. While the people of California, and especially of San Francisco, will rejoice to be rid of him, the woes of Ireland could not be rendered more intolerable than they now are than by the presence of a vulgar brawler like Kearney. We are opposed to hanging, believing that it is the worst use to make of a man, but we nevertheless fear on Dennis Kearney's account, if he carries out his intention, that the hemp crop in Ireland this year has not been a total failure.

THE New York *World* greeted its immense array of readers last Saturday in an entire new suit of type, which adds immensely to its appearance. A change in dress was certainly desirable, if not needful, but no change in the management of the *World* could possibly make it more worthy of support than it now is, for it must be admitted that it leads the van of Democratic journalism. Any person who wants a complete newspaper, as well as a faithful, reliable and efficient party journal, can have all his wants abundantly supplied by subscribing for either the daily, tri-weekly, semi-weekly or weekly New York *World*. Prospectus next week.

THERE are about thirty Republicans in the Virginia Legislature, composed of nearly equal numbers of whites and blacks, all of whom have formed a coalition with the "Readjusters," who are in favor of repudiating a portion of the State debt. This union of forces gives the anti-debt paying members a majority on joint ballot, and Gen. Mahone, the big chief of the "Readjusters," will doubtless be elected to the U. S. Senate, to succeed Gen. Withers on the 4th of March, 1881. For their aid and assistance in playing this dishonest game regarding the State debt, the negroes will be properly rewarded by receiving some of the minor offices in the gift of the Legislature. Gov. Holliday will stand up firm for the honor of "Old Virginia" and he and the Democrats may yet save the credit of the State.

CHARLES S. PARNELL, the leader of the Home Rule party in Ireland, has published a letter stating that the trials of Davitt, Killen and Daly, who were arrested for sedition three weeks ago, would be commenced on the 11th inst., which was yesterday. After the trials are over Mr. Parnell will come to the United States on business connected with the present disturbed condition of Ireland. He is half American, his father having married a daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart, of Philadelphia, familiarly known as "Old Ironsides," who died only a few years ago close on to 90 years of age. Mr. Parnell's mother spends most of her time in this country, principally in New York. He will be accompanied on his visit by Mr. Finegan, who is also a Home Rule member of Parliament from the county Clare, and the Irishmen of New York are making preparations to give them a grand reception.

GEN. RUFUS INGALLS, of the regular army, was stationed with Grant at a military post in California after the close of the Mexican war. Both were then young, and amused themselves at night playing the interesting game of draw poker, betting fabulous sums on small hands, although neither of them had a dollar. They have ever since been warm friends and admirers of each other. Ingalls was in Chicago last week, and when asked by a reporter whether Grant would accept a third term, replied: "I don't know. I don't think anybody knows. I don't believe his wife knows. If it is offered to him as by the voice of the great mass of the people of this country—if their interests and wishes demand it—he will accept." All of which is supremely silly and disgusting coming from so shallow-brained a creature as Rufe Ingalls. When the "interests" of this country "demand" the election for a third time of Ingalls' old draw poker antagonist, the people will have lost all their manhood and will not have any "interests" left which are worth preserving.

THE election in Louisiana on Tuesday of last week resulted in a complete Democratic victory, as was expected by every one at all familiar with the politics of that State. The majority for the Democratic State ticket is estimated at not less than 20,000, and may reach considerably more. The Democratic candidate for Governor was Louis A. Wiltz, who was Speaker of the lower branch of the State Legislature on that memorable day in the beginning of January, 1875, during Grant's second term, when Gen. De Trobriand, an officer of the regular army, marched a squadron of troops into the hall of the House while it was in session and at the point of the bayonet unseated enough Democratic members to give the Republicans and carpet-baggers a majority. Mr. Wiltz being confronted with this armed interference vacated the Speaker's chair, which was the only thing he could do, having first, however, delivered a withering and eloquent protest against the unparalleled outrage. The late election seems to have passed off quietly, the only tragedy connected with it having taken place in a Republican parish in which two of the sons of one of the two Republican candidates for Sheriff were shot and killed by the opposite candidate, who was himself dangerously, if not mortally, wounded. The Republicans nominated the strongest and best State ticket they have had in the field for five years, but thousands of negroes voted for Wiltz and the other Democratic candidates on the State ticket. They have been doing that for some years, and yet Republican demagogues like John Sherman represent them as spending half their time in the swamps—fugitives from Democratic violence—and living in daily fear of the shot-gun in the hands of their bloodthirsty oppressors.

MONDAY LAST was the day set apart by Judge Pearson, President Judge of the Courts of Dauphin county, for announcing his opinion on the motion made ten days before to quash the indictment against A. W. Leisinring, of Mauch Chunk, one of the defendants in the bribery cases growing out of the Pittsburg riot bill. Judge Pearson adhered to the view he had taken of the same motion when it was made in the case of Charles B. Salter, which was that it is in the power of the Court to quash an indictment for errors *not appearing on its face*—the error in the two cases being the presence in the Grand Jury room of *twenty-four* jurors, or *one* more than the law sanctions. The Judge stated to the counsel on both sides that they could decide upon a day on which to hear the evidence showing the composition of the Grand Jury by which the bill had been returned, and Monday next was agreed upon for that purpose. If the evidence should turn out to be the same as it was in the Salter case, as it undoubtedly will, all the indictments will be virtually quashed. That, however, will not end them, for the defendants are all under bail for their appearance at the January term, when new indictments will confront them. The delays of the law are proverbial, but with so upright and honest a man on the bench as Judge Pearson is admitted to be, we have an abiding faith that Kemble and his corrupt crew of lobby agents will yet be made to pay the full penalties of the law.

HON. W. W. KETCHAM, Judge of the U. S. District Court for Western Pennsylvania, died suddenly from apoplexy, or hemorrhage of the brain, at the St. Charles Hotel, Pittsburgh, about midnight on Saturday last. He was in the 56th year of his age and was appointed Judge in 1876. When he was called to the bench he resided in Wilkes-Barre, and had formerly represented the Luzerne district in Congress. He was esteemed an upright judge, and discharged his duties ably and with entire satisfaction to the public. The news of his sudden death fell upon us with peculiar sadness, from the fact that we were discharged from service by him as a juror in the U. S. Circuit Court less than fifteen hours before he was summoned to another and we hope a better world. He then appeared to be in the enjoyment of the best of health, and it was almost impossible for us to realize that one with whom we had parted a few hours before so full of life and vigor, had been stricken down in his high and honorable career without a note of warning. "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." His remains passed over the Pa. R. R. on Monday last for interment at Wilkes-Barre. Peace to his ashes.

IT seems to be conceded that at the election in Philadelphia on last Tuesday week of delegates to the next Democratic State Convention, the friends of Gen. Hancock secured a decided majority of them favorable to his nomination for the Presidency. This is all well enough as far as it has gone, but it will not rest there, since the seats of at least one-half of the delegates claiming to have been elected will be contested, and the State Convention will again be asked to settle the never-ending Philadelphia quarrel. We have no stomach for this nasty question, at least not now, and will wait to see what definite shape the matter assumes. Sam Josephs is laying pipe to be sent to the national convention from his district, as one of Gen. Hancock's backers. That will go hard with so good and brave a man as Hancock—harder than it did for him to face the rebel cannon at Gettysburg and on other memorable fields. Still Sam has not yet been elected, but if he should be when the proper time comes, his friend Bill McMullan, of the "bloody Fourth ward," should go with him in the interest of Tilden, and be sure to take along his seven shooter.

THE Lancaster Weekly *New Era*, as we learn from the Huntingdon *Local News*, the daily edition of the *New Era* being the only one received at this office, appeared on Saturday with ten pages and seventy columns, being the largest and most complete issue of any newspaper ever published in Lancaster. It is truly a great newspaper, and yet it is not quite three years old.

HON. ALEX. RAMSEY, of Minnesota, has been nominated by Mr. Hayes and unanimously confirmed by the Senate as Secretary of War.

Ireland's Woes—A Pathetic Appeal.

We cheerfully comply with the request of a friend in Altoona, who sends us the following letter, furnished by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* and published in a recent issue of that paper, by giving it a place in the FREEMAN. Canon Burke is said to be related to the eminent Dominican Friar, Father Tom Burke, and is a priest of considerable influence in Mayo.—Miss Boyle has decided to place a copy of the letter in the hands of every Senator and Representative in Congress, with the hope that something may be done to alleviate the present suffering in Ireland:

CLAREMORRIS, COUNTY MAYO, IRELAND, }
November Eve, 1879. }

MY DEAR MISS BOYLE—It is now six months since you had a letter from me. Last May our people were hopeful that, after the unusually severe winter which had passed, the summer would be very fine and the harvest would come to crown with an abundant return the labors and trials of the year. The contrary of all this has come to pass. Since 1845 the Irish people have not had so bad a failure in the potato crop. In some districts it is at present one-half, in others three-fourths, and I have been told that some farmers have lost even more than three-fourths of the normal return. The cereal crops are not all that one could wish. The cold of winter is felt already in the chill northern blasts, and even in this, the last evening of October, there are many cornfields unreaped and a few not wholly ripe. Feat or turf is, in Connaught, the chief fuel; this year's peat for firing is not yet dried. A fuel famine threatens. Along with these misfortunes sent by God for the chastisement and improvement of our people, there exists also great commercial depression. The price for sheep, cows, oxen and all kinds of live stock is only one-half what it had been two years ago; and this depression is notably low in regard to the poor man's cattle, because there is no demand for animals that are not marketable or in good condition. American farm produce has cheapened our markets immensely.

Hence you will see that our people cannot pay the high rents which they are accustomed to pay. Nay, some of the small farmers cannot continue to hold on to the farms they have hitherto tilled. They will have quite enough to do this year to exist merely; they will not be in a position to support their sons and daughters and prepare them for the battle of life.

Already the cry has gone forth, What is to be done for the reduction of rents? Most of the landowners in this parish have remitted twenty-five per cent. (Those landlords who hold extensive property have given no reduction.)

FUTILE APPEALS TO GOVERNMENT!

Abatement such as this, however, is not sufficient. All the priests and people of Connaught have, under one form or another, memorialized the Lord Lieutenant who rules Ireland to give the people employment at some remunerative work. Yesterday the bishops of Ireland implored Her Majesty's Viceregerent to save the people's lives. This day's *Freeman's Journal* contains the strange news that His Grace the Lord Lieutenant has turned a deaf ear to the appeal of the Irish bishops. To-day the Corporation of Dublin lays the prayers of a famishing race at the feet of its Governor. This day will witness the same callous reply.

I must express an opinion which is known by many to be true—that Lord Beaconsfield's sympathy, personally feels for the people's wants, but as a member of the Earl of Beaconsfield's government he will do and can do—nothing. On the first week in November all the Irish members of Parliament will lay a similar appeal before the Prime Minister. Disraeli will simply laugh at their apparent earnestness. What does he care if 700,000 Irish perish? Are they not Irish?

He regards Irishmen just as he regards their Aryan cousins to the east and west of the Indus. Like the lark in the fable, the Irish people seem to think that they may employ themselves in sitting on the children of their race. The distress which has fallen on this country is in truth great, and the people, I fear, must suffer. The only immediate and great remedy is employment; but they are not likely, as you see, to obtain. Immigration, therefore, to America, in winter and in the coming spring, is likely to be renewed. You cannot but observe the fraternity which the statesman King Alfonso of Spain has acted toward those who, in his province of Murcia, suffered from the late floods. He, like a father, ran to aid his children, the Spaniards.

How differently, compared with our rulers, the Emperor and Empress of Austria acted last spring to those among their subjects who were like manner had suffered! Four years ago the Garonne, swollen by the rains of the Pyrenees, committed great devastation in the south of France. The then President, Marshal MacMahon, went in person to relieve the sufferers. The people of these lands ask for bread, and they receive abundance of bread and every requisite. We ask for bread, and are given a stone; we ask for fish, and behold a serpent is presented. Disraeli does not govern on any principle of right or of distributive justice or with fatherly concern for the subjects of this nation. His rule is one of tyranny and statecraft, directed by imperial interests, and seemingly the outcome of political pressure. You were never in Ireland.—Many Irish men and women now in your country were in Ireland in 1846, 1847 and 1848. You know how multitudes then asked for bread, "and there were none to break it unto them." Then, as in Jerusalem during the captivity, "the children and the sucklings fainted away in the streets."

FAMILIES STARVING.

I myself saw strong men and young women die of starvation; one young girl especially, of nineteen, the eldest of a poor family of nine, struggle in the jaws of hunger for six months and then perish, literally perish, in a heap of hay (it was my best at the time to help that family. I was then only eighteen years of age. I saw two men dead with grass in their mouths, having strived in vain to obtain sufficient nutriment to sustain life from the grass of the field. Scenes like these were then common. Many would not believe that such things occurred, but I saw them. I saw hundreds of children, from the age of two to twelve, with hair on their skinny arms and cheeks fully one-half inch long—a false growth caused by decay and hunger. I saw over one thousand men and women and children of all sizes thrown promiscuously into the poorhouse of Castlebar, assembled for inspection by order of the poor law guardians, lest any one should be on the relieving officer's list except those who were actually at the point of death. I cannot say in the flesh, for flesh they had none. Their presence at the time, young as I was, reminded me of the vision of bones beheld by the prophet.

Shall scenes like these occur again? God forbid! Shall the children of Saint Patrick—the sons of saints and martyrs—the descendants of the Milesian O'Boyles, who have come down from the conquering Niall the Great; the O'Briens, the O'Donnells, young in America from Donegal; the O'Loughlins and MacLoughlins, the O'Reillys, O'Kelly and all the O's and Macs of the grand Milesian stock—perish miserably from neglect? Shall the children of the highminded and fiery, yet noble Norman families share the same fate? Away with the thought!

The times are changed. Food, at all events, is cheap. Ireland in America will send relief the first moment the real crisis, the last struggling, shall come. Let not Ireland be as Jerusalem was in the days of Jeremiah, "A laughing stock or a derision to all the people—their song all day long."

If God has not blessed us with abundant wealth he has given us a noble heritage in an ancestry illustrious for noble deeds and for the greatest of all His gifts—the blessing of the divine faith. A people so gifted with natural and supernatural endowments is worthy to be saved. Judas Maccabeus nobly stood in an evil national hour for the Jews in the days of Epiphanes of Antiochus. Judith was their saviour when Holofernes threatened them with destruction. Esther was called to the throne of Persia in time to foil the villainy of the Prime Minister of Aman.

WILL AMERICA HELP?

Can you do any good for your people in the land of America? The two great ends to be attained are, first, to relieve the people in their present distress and trials; the second, to fix them in the homes of their fathers, by making them proprietors of their farms. This latter is a difficult task; yet the cry has gone forth, and all Irishmen, at home and abroad, have echoed the call and proclaim that the Irish race will be satisfied with nothing less. There is a peasant proprietary in Belgium, France, Sweden, Norway, Prussia, Holstein, Prussia, Russia, Austria, Switzerland, Greece, part of Italy, America. Why not in Ireland? The *Freeman's Journal* contains a strange news that His Grace the Lord Lieutenant has turned a deaf ear to the appeal of the Irish bishops. To-day the Corporation of Dublin lays the prayers of a famishing race at the feet of its Governor. This day will witness the same callous reply.

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How differently, compared with our rulers, the Emperor and Empress of Austria acted last spring to those among their subjects who were in like manner had suffered! Four years ago the Garonne, swollen by the rains of the Pyrenees, committed great devastation in the south of France. The then President, Marshal MacMahon, went in person to relieve the sufferers. The people of these lands ask for bread, and they receive abundance of bread and every requisite. We ask for bread, and are given a stone; we ask for fish, and behold a serpent is presented. Disraeli does not govern on any principle of right or of distributive justice or with fatherly concern for the subjects of this nation. His rule is one of tyranny and statecraft, directed by imperial interests, and seemingly the outcome of political pressure. You were never in Ireland.—Many Irish men and women now in your country were in Ireland in 1846, 1847 and 1848. You know how multitudes then asked for bread, "and there were none to break it unto them." Then, as in Jerusalem during the captivity, "the children and the sucklings fainted away in the streets."

FAMILIES STARVING.

I myself saw strong men and young women die of starvation; one young girl especially, of nineteen, the eldest of a poor family of nine, struggle in the jaws of hunger for six months and then perish, literally perish, in a heap of hay (it was my best at the time to help that family. I was then only eighteen years of age. I saw two men dead with grass in their mouths, having strived in vain to obtain sufficient nutriment to sustain life from the grass of the field. Scenes like these were then common. Many would not believe that such things occurred, but I saw them. I saw hundreds of children, from the age of two to twelve, with hair on their skinny arms and cheeks fully one-half inch long—a false growth caused by decay and hunger. I saw over one thousand men and women and children of all sizes thrown promiscuously into the poorhouse of Castlebar, assembled for inspection by order of the poor law guardians, lest any one should be on the relieving officer's list except those who were actually at the point of death. I cannot say in the flesh, for flesh they had none. Their presence at the time, young as I was, reminded me of the vision of bones beheld by the prophet.

Shall scenes like these occur again? God forbid! Shall the children of Saint Patrick—the sons of saints and martyrs—the descendants of the Milesian O'Boyles, who have come down from the conquering Niall the Great; the O'Briens, the O'Donnells, young in America from Donegal; the O'Loughlins and MacLoughlins, the O'Reillys, O'Kelly and all the O's and Macs of the grand Milesian stock—perish miserably from neglect? Shall the children of the highminded and fiery, yet noble Norman families share the same fate? Away with the thought!

The times are changed. Food, at all events, is cheap. Ireland in America will send relief the first moment the real crisis, the last struggling, shall come. Let not Ireland be as Jerusalem was in the days of Jeremiah, "A laughing stock or a derision to all the people—their song all day long."

If God has not blessed us with abundant wealth he has given us a noble heritage in an ancestry illustrious for noble deeds and for the greatest of all His gifts—the blessing of the divine faith. A people so gifted with natural and supernatural endowments is worthy to be saved. Judas Maccabeus nobly stood in an evil national hour for the Jews in the days of Epiphanes of Antiochus. Judith was their saviour when Holofernes threatened them with destruction. Esther was called to the throne of Persia in time to foil the villainy of the Prime Minister of Aman.

WILL AMERICA HELP?

Can you do any good for your people in the land of America? The two great ends to be attained are, first, to relieve the people in their present distress and trials; the second, to fix them in the homes of their fathers, by making them proprietors of their farms. This latter is a difficult task; yet the cry has gone forth, and all Irishmen, at home and abroad, have echoed the call and proclaim that the Irish race will be satisfied with nothing less. There is a peasant proprietary in Belgium, France, Sweden, Norway, Prussia, Holstein, Prussia, Russia, Austria, Switzerland, Greece, part of Italy, America. Why not in Ireland? The *Freeman's Journal* contains a strange

Free Coinage, Forest Wealth, and the Lumbering Industry—Professor Charles S. Sargent, of Harvard College, in charge.

Agriculture—Jacob R. Dodge, of the Census Office, Washington, in charge.

Mining East of the Mississippi River—Professor Raphael Pumpelly, of Newport, R. I., in charge; nine assistants.

SPECIAL AGENTS FOR THE NEXT CENSUS.—The following is a list of the Special Agents of the Census Office, Department of the Interior, appointed to investigate, in their economic relations, the most important industries of the United States, and the statistics of telegraph, railroad, express, transportation, and insurance companies; also, to collect the social statistics of the country:

The Production of Cotton—Professor E. W. Hilgard, University of California, in charge; two assistants.

The Manufacture of Cotton—Edward Atkinson, of Boston, in charge.

The Production of Cereals—Professor William H. Brewer, of New Haven, in charge.

Railroads—J. H. Goodspeed, of Boston, in charge.

The Manufacture of Iron—James M. Swank, of Philadelphia, in charge.

Social Statistics of Cities—George E. Waring, of Newport, R. I., in charge; one assistant.

The Manufacture of Wool—George William Bond, of Boston, in charge.

Fire and Marine Insurance—Charles A. Jenny, of New York, in charge.

Power and Machinery Used in Manufactures—Professor W. P. Trowbridge, of Columbia College, New York, in charge; two assistants.

Wages on Manufacturing Industry Generally and Manufactures of Glass and of Coke—Joseph D. Weeks, of Pittsburgh, Pa., in charge.

Fishing Industries and Interests—Professor G. Brown Goode, in charge, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, in charge; eleven assistants.

Meat Production, Transportation, and Export—Clarence Gordon, of Newburg, N. Y., in charge; one assistant.

The Production of the Precious Metals—Clarence King, Director of the United States Geological Survey, in charge; six assistants.

The Dependent and Delinquent Classes, including the Facts of Pauperism and Crime, Dealmanism, Insanity, and Blindness—Fred. H. Wines, of Springfield, Ill., in charge; two assistants.

Tree Covering, Forest Wealth, and the Lumbering Industry—Professor Charles S. Sargent, of Harvard College, in charge.

Agriculture—Jacob R. Dodge, of the Census Office, Washington, in charge.

Mining East of the Mississippi River—Professor Raphael Pumpelly, of Newport, R. I., in charge; nine assistants.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Mark W. Atcheson is urged as Judge Ketcham's successor by Pittsburgh bar.

—Of the 686 soldiers sent out by Baltimore to the Mexican war, but 13 survive.

—A fugitive murderer, in Kentucky, was pursued, captured, and taken to jail by his own father.

—The Catholic churches of the Cleveland diocese have contributed $3,200 to the suffering poor in Ireland.

—The body of Andrew Tracy, hanged at Smethport, Thursday, was buried on the farm of his parents near that place.

—Stealing a $10 horse cost a Colorado man his life, although he had been tried and acquitted five different times for murder.

—Twenty men left Tioga county last week for Georgia, where they are to be employed in an extensive lumbering operation.

—The Methodists and Baptists of Marshall, Mich., have entered into copartnership, the one furnishing a church and the other a minister.

—A Norwich, Conn., naturalist has one of the largest butterflies known to entomologists. It measures nine and a half inches across the wings, and is five inches in breadth.

—Mrs. Bondell, of Menno township, Mifflin county, left her two small children alone in the house the other day and they were burned to death. This nearly always happens.

—The death warrant for the execution of Nathan Greenfield, convicted on the third trial for the murder of his wife, and sentenced to be hanged at Syracuse, N. Y., to-day, was signed on Monday.

—According to the Chicago *Times* the cost of the Grant reception in that city was about $50,000. It estimates that the expenditures of the visitors, while in Chicago, amounted to about $1,125,000.

—A goat took possession of the entrance to the Baptist church in Port Byron, N. Y., on Sunday, and rearing on its hind legs, butted at all comers so vigorously as to disperse the congregation.

—Colonel McClure, editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, writes to his paper from Washington that there is a chill supervening on the Grant movement and that the stalwart leaders intend to battle fiercely against the third term.

—The town poorhouse in Colchester, Conn., was destroyed by fire on Saturday. All the inmates except Maggie Jones, an idiotic girl, escaped. She was once taken out, but rushed back into the building and was burned to death.

—A young lady of New York was married the other day in the wedding gown of her grandmother, made seventy years ago, without any alteration, and so similar were the styles no one knew but it was a new one "made for the occasion."

—In Detroit, Lizzie Falk, laundry girl, in the employ of the Russell house, while descending in the freight compartment of the hotel elevator and a projecting beam and her neck and lower jaw so terribly crushed as to cause instant death.

—Wm. Wilson, living near Bellefonte, was run over by an engine on Saturday night while walking on the railroad track between Bellefonte and Milesburg and instantly killed. He was terribly mangled. He leaves a wife and several children.

—The Bradford *Era* reports that salt water in large quantities has been found, in the southern part of McKean county. Its presence indicates bad territory for the oil operator, and has condemned thousands of acres that were hitherto regarded as good.

—The lower jaw of a human being, said to have belonged to the primitive race, has been dug up on the banks of Lynx Creek, in Arizona. The jaw never had more than six teeth, and from its conformation the possessor subsisted wholly on fruits and grass.

—It is now decided that the total value of the estate of the late William S. O'Brien, millionaire, is $9,377,849,65. The most amazing thing about this statement is the part about the sixty-five cents. Executors in their right senses would have pocketed the sixty-five cents.

—It is estimated that nearly 2,000,000 feet of lumber remain tied up in the Delaware river between Milford, Pa., and Narrowsburg, N. Y. Last week's freshet did not continue long enough to enable the rafts to reach tidewater. Much of the timber is likely to be lost.

—The fourth attempt to kill the Czar of Russia by blowing up a railroad train was made last week. The Czar's journeys are generally made with two trains, the first containing the servants, baggage, etc., but on this occasion the Czar went in the first train, and thus his life was saved.

—The Catholics of Puget's sound propose building a mission church—a vessel with sacristy, library, refectory and dormitory, and a saloon accomodating several hundred worshipers. It will be navigated by Indians and moored along the coast, the services being announced by a cannon shot.

—An Erie county negro met his death the other day in a very peculiar manner, viz: He had stolen a hog and killed it, and in order to carry it tied its feet together and put it around his neck. In climbing a fence he slipped, the pig falling on one side and he on the other, breaking his neck.

—Nellie Johnson, of St. Louis, is a diminutive woman who weighs only fifty pounds. Nevertheless, being insulted by a young man in the street the other day she whipped out a pocket knife and plunged the blade into his breast. He escaped with his life only because the blade was a small one.

—Milford Waters, aged 18 years, a colored murderer, was hanged at Elkton, Md., on Friday last. Andrew Tracy was hanged at Smethport Pa., on Thursday, for the murder of his cousin. Those who knew Tracy believed that he was a fitter subject for the lunatic asylum than the scaffold.

—William Darlington, one of the oldest members of the Chester county bar, fell dead in the corridor of the Court House on Saturday morning. Mr. Darlington is the sixth member of the family of his name who have died suddenly within a period of one year. Mr. Darlington was seventy-five years old, and was a member of the last Constitutional Convention.

—Monsignor Kirby has resigned the office of rector of the Irish College at Rome, which he has held for many years, and will be elevated to the College of Cardinals. He will be one of the prelates in attendance on the Pope to advise on Irish ecclesiastical affairs, and will be succeeded in the rectorship of the Irish College by Canon Verdon, a nephew of Cardinal Cullen.

—Everybody in and around Tuscarawas, Ohio, is excited over what is spoken of as "the gradual petrifaction" of a two-year-old son of Joseph Kinsley. Last July the legs of the little one became useless, and from that time on have so hardened that they present the solidity as well as the appearance of stone. A living petrified child was never before known and the medical men of Tuscarawas are reported to be dumbfounded.

—Official figures demonstrate that the property now held by the colored people of Georgia aggregates $5,182,393. During the past year they have added 39,300 acres to the quantity of land previously held by them, making a total of 341,199 acres now owned by men in that State who were formerly slaves. In the face of this record, conclusively showing the prosperous condition of the colored people of Georgia, how utterly unfounded and contemptible are the allegations made by the Republican press that the white people of the south are systematically employed in oppressing and ill-treating the blacks in all possible ways and forms.

—General Grant positively denies the story of his having told a Chicago reporter that "he had been offered the presidency of the Nicaragua Canal Company, and that after the Republicans had offered him the Presidency he would tell them what he proposed to do." The General planted a tree in South Park, Chicago, on Saturday, and subsequently attended the annual banquet of the Commercial Club. It is now quite certain that the General will not go to New York until spring, and will leave Philadelphia about the 26th inst. for Havana via Key West.

—The Pittsburgh *Post* says the Irish agitators express their firm determination to continue the war for reform in the land system, and will continue their campaign with renewed vigor in all parts of Ireland. Their programme has been somewhat modified since the recent arrests, and their speeches now advocate an earnest effort to secure the desired reforms through the united and orderly action of the people, and an appeal to the government for aid for the suffering peasantry. The report that the Pope had determined to interpose his authority, through the clergy of Ireland, for the suppression of the agitation is a canard. It is declared authoritatively from the Vatican that the subject has not been officially considered.

—An odd and altogether delightful wedding is described by the Portland (Oregon) *Bee*. In the town of Port Townsend, Oregon, a young man won the love of a young woman, encountering at the same time the stern opposition of the girl's parents. The father and big brothers of the girl went so far, indeed, as to threaten personal injury to to the lover should he persist in his attentions. A few days ago the lover appeared at the door of the house in which his sweetheart was as a caged bird. In his right hand the desperate youth carried a rifle, cocked and primed. On his left was a preacher. The old folks came down like raccoons from a tree. They produced the girl and the two were married in the front yard. After the ceremony the husband shouldered his rifle and with the bride on his arm walked triumphantly off.

—That the conflagration that is to consume the world has begun is believed by many residents of Reading, Pa. While some gentlemen were shooting on the farm of Henry Miller, near that city, one of the party killed a partridge, which fell in an adjacent field. To the surprise of the gentleman his dog refused to fetch the bird, and he went for it himself; but at the spot where the bird had fallen he suddenly sank several feet in a bed of fire and ashes. The burning track is a square in length and half a square in width. Miller says the fire began burning about three weeks ago, and travels several feet a day. It emits no smoke excepting now and then when a tuft of grass is being consumed, or when trees are burning, but the heat is intense. The fire has extended into a wheat field, which is gradually being destroyed. The roots of oak trees burn off, and some trees two feet and a half in diameter have fallen over.

New York and the Third Term.

It is generally conceded that neither party can elect their candidate for President next year unless they can give him the thirty-five votes of New York. The figures leading to this conclusion are familiar; nevertheless it is well to present them once more.

The electoral colleges of the whole country cast 369 votes. Of these the Northern States cast 231, and the Southern 138. The majority necessary to elect the President is 185.

It is claimed that the entire 138 Southern votes will be cast for the Democratic candidate. If this turns out to be the fact, he will need to elect him 47 votes from the Northern States. Where can he get them? At the last Presidential election, the following Northern States voted for Mr. TILDEN:

New York	35
Indiana	15
New Jersey	7
Connecticut	6
Total	65

The recent drift of the tide in New Jersey and Connecticut has been toward the Republicans; but it will be perceived that New York and Indiana cast 50 votes, and if the Democratic candidate can add these to the 138 Southern votes, he will have 188, which is three more than a majority. But it will be seen also that Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut cast only 28 votes, which is 19 short of the number which the Democratic candidate must have from the North in order to succeed. Therefore it is that the Democrats cannot get along without the vote of New York.

The case is just as clear with the Republicans. The whole number of electoral votes in the North is 231. Take away the 50 votes of New York and Indiana, and the remainder is 181, which is four short of a majority. With the chances so strongly against them in Indiana, every Republican who has brains enough to make the computation admits that, in order to succeed, his candidate must carry New York. Indeed, so plain is this, that some of the desperate members of the party have started the idea of changing the existing mode of choosing Presidential electors in this State by conferring the power of the appointment upon the Legislature, which, in this case, would be the incoming Legislature, wherein the Republicans have an overwhelming majority. But we fancy no such expedient will be resorted to, and that next year, as usual, the issue will be decided at the ballot boxes.

Waiving for our present purposes the question as to the New York Democrats, the recent election demonstrates that this is a doubtful State, and that there are nearly ten per cent. of the Republicans who are ready to bolt a ticket they do not like, and that this class of Republicans are decidedly hostile to a third term of Gen. GRANT. These three propositions rise out of the results of the last elections as clear as the sun at noonday; and they ought to seal the doom of the present GRANT movement.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A LONG, DELIGHTFUL DAY of sunshine and pleasure is the earnest desire of afflicted mortals. But without health there is neither rest, comfort nor happiness. Riches and glory are worthless without it. Disease makes life cheerless, and even home gloomy. Relief is more precious than gold. In all cases of headache, pains in the back, side and chest; nervousness, kidney and liver complaints, dyspepsia, disease of the genital organs, impure blood, depressed spirits, and all female troubles, Sandaline is a certain and prompt cure. Powerful—though gentle—in its action, it directly reaches the seat of disease, cleanses the system of all impurities, and completely restores it to health and vigor. It is an unequalled diuretic, having no alcoholic properties, but possesses incomparable sanative virtues. In severe cases it should be alternated with Sandaline Elixir. Will do just as recommended, used as directed, or money refunded. Price $1. Ask your druggist. Thousands of testimonials attest its worth.—Terra Haute, Ind., Dec. 11, '78.—Dr. Gounod, 5 West 14th St., N. Y.: I am perfectly willing to certify that Sandaline and Sandaline Elixir, as prescribed by you, entirely cured me in a very short time of mercurial poisoning, which I had contracted in my former business of a mirror manufacturer. My bones were as much affected as my skin. In fact, my whole system was in a state of disease. C. H. Stamford. Dr. Gounod's great medical work, full of interest, over 250 pages. Price $1. Send for it.

FEEBLE LADIES.—Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity, driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continued strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularity and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this?

EEEE NN N L A RRRR GGG EEEE DDD RRRR EEEE FFFF H H TTTTT T T EEEE DDD
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THE GREAT DRY GOODS AND OUTFITTING HOUSE
OF PHILADELPHIA,

COVERING THE BLOCK FROM THIRTEENTH STREET TO NEW CITY HALL, AND FROM CHESTNUT STREET, THROUGH ENTRANCE, EXTENDING TO MARKET STREET.

The Space Occupied on Ground Floor is 95,250 Square Feet.
The Space Occupied in Galleries is 36,805 Square Feet.
The Space Occupied in Basement is 45,870 Feet.
Giving a Grand Total of 179,025 Square Feet, amounting to 4 11-100 Acres, all in active use in Retailing DRY GOODS and FANCY GOODS.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

The Formal Opening
—OF THE—
REFITTED AND ENLARGED HOUSE
IS NOW AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT!

Though our vast premises seemed abundantly large for our business, yet the wonderful increase of the past year made it necessary to provide additional accommodations. Spacious Galleries, of easy access, commanding fine views of the low place, have been erected to afford required room. Other changes have been made that will give comfort to the thousands who like the Grand Depot and approve of its methods of business.

The Millinery, Upholstery, House Supply and China Departments are greatly enlarged.

A new and comfortable Ladies' Room has been provided, where those who buy at the various counters and desire to pay for all at one time, can get the goods and make payments without delay.

The New Stations to Receive Cash, and the Electric Bells to call Cash Boys, will prevent delays in making change. We are confident that the time taken is not any more than is requisite to conduct business by a safe system to sell cheaply.

We mean to meet every expressed wish of our customers, if in our power, both in the stock on sale and in the conveniences of the establishment. None but Courteous Clerks and Experienced Heads of Departments shall hold places in the Grand Depot, if we know it. By truly serving our customers we hope to prove the value of the plans we have fixed upon that have only as yet been partially developed. Without disparaging others we propose to attend strictly to developing the business of the Grand Depot.

The first markets in the world, the places where goods are produced, are being visited by our buyers, who are expected. Without intermediate profits we will transfer the goods to our counters and give them to our customers with one fair profit.

Our relations with foreign houses are now being rapidly perfected.

No subterfuges will be permit

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY MORNING, - DEC. 12, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—Argument Court will be held on the 10th day of February next.

—Boffington is the name of a new postoffice in Indiana county.

—At latest accounts, the Altoona artesian well was down 1,700 feet.

—Baby dolls and Christmas goods cheaper at Barkers' than at any other store in town.

—McDonald & Co., Loretto, have just received another line of ladies' coats at $5.00 up.

—Mr. William P. Patton, an old and much respected resident of Johnstown, died last Saturday.

—Mighty queer, ain't it, that the best-kept hotels are managed by the most un-experienced landlords?

—McDonald & Co., Loretto, continue to sell goods at old-time prices. Send for or call and see his price list.

—Bob Ingersoll will lecture in the Opera House, Altoona, on the 15th inst. The subject is not yet announced.

—McDonald & Co., Loretto, have just received a nice line of ladies' dress goods at 8, 10 and 12½ cents per yard.

—The attendance at Court on Monday was large, but on the succeeding days a perceptible falling off was noticeable.

—M. S. Ostman's cheap cash store will be headquarters for holiday goods this season. Don't forget this important fact.

—The largest stock of men and boys' boots in town at Ostman's, and the prices are lower than any where else in the community.

—McDonald & Co., Loretto, keep constantly on hand the genuine New Orleans molasses, baking molasses, currants, raisins, etc.

—The people of Altoona, backed by Congressman Cofroth, declare they must have a new postoffice building or there will be trouble.

—Thus exclaimed an old gentleman recovering from a severe attack of the bronchial tubes, "Sellers' Cough Syrup' cured me." Price 25c.

—F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., who has been quite ill for a number of weeks, was, we are glad to say, able to be in attendance at Court this week.

—Colonel Tyler, the popular landlord of the Logan House, Altoona, will assume the management of the Cresson Springs Hotel next season.

—The jury wheel for the ensuing year will be filled next month. Commissioners Hardick and Dailey will officiate on the important occasion.

—"Dr. Sellers' Cough Syrup," without exception, has given satisfaction. Our readers should give it a trial. Druggists keep it. Price 25 per bottle.

—The attendance at Court this week was reasonably large on Monday, but grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less as the session progressed.

—Israel Graffius, Esq., a respected resident of Alexandria, Huntingdon county, died on the eighty-ninth anniversary of his birth Thursday of last week.

—Way is a man getting into his duds at twelve o'clock at night like a citizen of a certain town in Westmoreland county? Because he is a Lat(e) robber.

—Ask out for the largest stock of sweetmeats at E. F. Parrish's. A little store around the corner that has been brought to Ebensburg for the holiday season.

—We are sorry to learn that Mr. Thomas Davis, of the firm of Davis Bros., of this place, has been in such ill health of late that he was confined to his room.

—If you want to see a nice display of gents' neck wear, including collars, ties, bows, silk handkerchiefs for ladies and gents, etc., you will find the same at Barkers'.

—Mr. John Swoyer, well and favorably known in these parts, was united in marriage to Miss Lou. Snyder not many days ago. Both parties live in Altoona.

—We are assured by a well-informed Altoonian that the establishment of a straight-out Stalwart Republican daily newspaper in that city is among the near probabilities.

—The Altoona *Call* styles Frank P. Tierney, Esq., "the well-known Congressman." Release the reader to cipher out the point of the remark at his own individual leisure.

—We are informed that work on the Jackson township experimental oil well goes agreeably forward, though a few shares, at the rate of $25 per share, are yet in the market.

—We have something sweet to tell you—a secret you need'nt keep—of candies, nuts, etc. Parrish will soon have enough to make any juvenile heart in the land with pleasure sing.

—A regimental band is the luxury the fifth Regiment, N. G. P., propose indulging in. Three several applications for the appointment, all from Altoona, have already been filed.

—A burglar named Mack was shot dead at Crestline, Ohio, last Friday night. The unfortunate individual is thought by the Crestlinites to have been a former resident of Jamestown.

—There is no further danger of a water famine. Rain has fallen, off and on, ten hours out of every twenty-four during the last week, and that usually brings the required answer.

—Here are the uses of adversity," but poetic to for are the countless good things put up ready for the Christmas holidays at E. F. Parrish's grocery and confectionery store in High street.

—A family in Congruity township, Westmoreland county, were made violently sick by partaking of cider from a barrel. The cider was examined and found to contain a dead dog, which explained matters.

—David Bailey and Theodore Crecher were killed in their necks by a fall of slate in Bailey's coal mine, in Dean township, Friday last, but fortunately escaped injury and extricated themselves without much trouble.

—A young man named Albert Wertz was killed by the cars near Manning & Lewis' saw mill, between Hollidaysburg and Duncansville, last Monday morning, and so badly injured that death ensued two hours subsequently.

—Prospects of inclemency of the weather, the Democratic Committee for Mr. William Jackson's meeting to come off at Altoona last Saturday night, that the barometer prove all right and the original programme will then be carried out.

—A young unmarried man named James Wright was caught by a fall of ore in the Maple Run coal mine, in Porter township, Blair county, Friday morning last, and had both his arms fractured. His condition is precarious.

—Snyder's barn, in North Woodbury, Blair county, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night last. Loss $3,000; insurance $1,500. The origin of fire unknown, but suspicions are suspected.

—It is understood that the stock of goods in the store of Maj. John Thompson, deceased, is to be disposed of as speedily as possible by private sale, but not for the purpose of closing out business are not prepared to say.

—Now is the time to buy your overcoats. Barker & Bro. have just received a large assortment, and can truthfully say they now have more overcoats than any of the stores in town put together. Prices always the lowest.

—Gather around the corner is the place Santa Claus intends to unload his sack of good things during the coming holidays. Young folks are requested to favor us in dispensing the favors of the jolly old soul.

—If you want to buy your Christmas candies, prunes, currants, citron, etc., at first class of deliceacies, including all kinds of groceries, you will find a large assortment and the lowest prices at the store of W. S. Barker & Bro.

—McDonald & Co., of Loretto, have something to say in our advertising department this week which cannot fail to interest every man their money honestly and invest it economically. See their prices and judge for yourself of the correctness of their offer.

—Nothing can impair real prosperity. An old man, for example, three inches back from a few days ago, and then celebrated the event by getting considerably more than half-seas over. When he returned to consciousness, it was to discover that he had been robbed of $80.

—A young man named Samuel Wertz had the knees of his pants above the knees by a saw while he was assisting in unload it at the furnace back of Hollidaysburg, Blair county, on Monday morning. The unfortunate died from his injuries the same afternoon.

—Jacob Stiringer, a resident of Tyrone, was shot in the arm while hunting on Sunday afternoon. He and a companion named Lightner were passing through a dense thicket, when the hammer of Lightner's gun caught and discharged the contents. So much for desecrating the Lord's day.

—Governor Talbot and certain other State officials of Massachusetts last week took a trip by rail through Pennsylvania. They stopped for lunch at the Logan House, Altoona, and are understood to have said that the management is by far the best in the country. Therein their heads are level.

—Jerry Telford, the miscreant who attempted to murder Mr. John W. Johnston in Westmoreland county not long since, was captured in Clearfield county last week and taken to the Greensburg jail. The sentiment of the community over there is that no punishment can be too severe for him.

—Carrolltown, Cambria county, is to be a money-order office on and after the first day of July next. It is not generally understood, and we can't say it should be, that this promotion was in the slightest degree influenced by the publication known as the *Northern Cambria News*, partially printed in Carrolltown.

—The fools seem not all to be dead. A twelve-hours' walking match, go-as-you-please, is booked for Johnstown on Christmas day. A medal and some money prizes will gladden the eyes and pockets of the winners, and soon after there will possibly be an order or two at some undertaker's establishment.

—The very latest is that Mr. M. Edgar King, of the Altoona *Radical*, is an aspirant for the office of State Senator on the Republican ticket. If the story is true, and he succeeds in securing the nomination, we will be sorry for it, as a strict regard for the truth compels us to say that we mean to elect a Democrat to the office named next year.

—Mr. R. C. Sharples, of West Chester, has been made local editor of the Altoona *Tribune*, in place of Mr. John M. Furey, and he will assume the like position on the Altoona *Sun*, daily and weekly. Presuming that Mr. Sharples is not less sharp than his predecessor, we take it that the *Tribune* loses nothing while the *Sun* gains much by the new deal.

—The Sunday *Times* says that H. P. McKevitt is the name of a Johnstown prodigy who can spell backward without a moment's hesitation, any word in the English language in common use, previously giving the number of letters the word contains, and more speedily than a good orthographist could pronounce the word itself. McKevitt is a printer.

—Some of the miners employed at Houtzdale, Clearfield county, are out on a strike and acting disorderly. On Friday evening last, a "driver" named Locket, who had refused to go out with the strikers, shot another "driver" named Hallohen, a "striker," but did not seriously injure him. The shooting is claimed to have been done in self-defense. Locket is in jail.

—Albert Thompson, a young man employed at the log job of Mr. Joseph Yanormer, in Dean township, this county, was felled to the earth and crushed to death, on Tuesday last, by a large tree which had temporarily lodged after being chopped down by a fellow workman. The remains of deceased were taken to his home in Logan township, Blair county, for interment.

—The members and friends of the Presbyterian church propose giving a fair and festival on the 23d, 24th and 25th instant, the proceeds to be devoted to the purpose of liquidating certain indebtedness contracted by the church. The purpose is a laudable one, and, in the language of the poet, we hope that when "the purse-strings be drawn, they unclasp not empty."

—Our well-known and ever-welcome friend and former fellow-citizen Philip Collins, Esq., now of Philadelphia, came to see us last Tuesday. He is looking the personification of good health, and reports matters and things connected with the important firm which he represents as being in a situation far from deplorable. We trust his brightest anticipations may be fully realized.

—We are informed by an Altoona paper that not only is the right of Mr. Thomas Griffith to assume the office of Sheriff to be contested by Mr. Michael J. Nagle, but that the likelihood is that developements will be made which will result in the sending of Mr. Griffith to the Penitentiary for corrupt practices. This is another illustration of the truth of the adage that one must go away from home to learn the news.

—The *Times* says that Engineer Billy Brady and Conductor Mike Quartz were recently in the borough of Wilkinsburg, and that shortly thereafter the people of that section were busily engaged hunting up a lot of missing fowls. Anent this subject, we have only to say to our friend of the *Times* that Quartz was at home this week, and while here partook of at least one sumptuous dinner, at which fowl predominated.

—Albert Beam, a young married man residing in Butler township, this county, was arrested Wednesday morning charged on oath of a young lady named Sarah Jane Price with the heinous crime of attempted rape and assault and battery. The accused had a hearing yesterday (Thursday) forenoon, and although we have no information as to the result, the probabilities are that he has been held for trial at March sessions.

—Mrs. Mary Grew, aged 80 years, died at her residence in Summerhill township, this county, last Thursday. She was the mother of a large family, and was a great-grandmother. Mr. Thomas E. Reilly, nephew of Mr. John Reilly, Superintendent of Transportation, Pennsylvania Railroad, is a grandson of the deceased lady. All who knew her will regret her demise, and mayhaps shed a tear to her memory. May her soul rest in peace.

—Mr. John Weaver, a Montgomery county horse dealer, had over one hundred dollars taken from his pocket in Altoona on Tuesday morning last, while in the act of alighting from East Line west. Other bills amounting to several hundred dollars, dropped from his pocket at the same time and were promptly recovered by the owner. The thief, however, got away with the sum first named, and as yet no clue has been had to his whereabouts.

—The productive capacity of the Cambria Iron Company is at present 100,000 tons of steel rail, 30,000 tons of wire rods, and 10,000 tons merchant's steel per year. The aggregate amount of wages paid is $1,500,000. The number of men employed in the mines and coke yards, 350; blast furnaces, 400; Bessemer steel works, 475; rolling mills, 1,000; shops, 550; Blair Iron and Coal Company, 900; Wood, Morrell & Co., 500; total, 4,675.

—Hon. A. H. Coffroth, Representative to Congress from this District, was in town during Monday of this week, and while here was besieged by men of all parties, and especially by veterans and the representatives of veterans seeking pensions. He was engaged as counsel in two cases which came before Court, and in the capacity of a lawyer, as in the capacity of a legislator, to say nothing of his gentlemanly qualities, he gave satisfaction to all who listened to him or talked with him.

—About the forthcoming census: We read that Col. James M. Swank, formerly of Johnstown, now of Philadelphia, will be chief of the department which relates to the manufacture of iron. Having been for many years editor of the *Iron and Steel Bulletin*, and in connection therewith having necessarily devoted much thought to the gross and in their after development into merchandisable commodities, we feel sure his report will be a most valuable and thorough one.

—Mr. Joe P. Thompson and Mr. John A. Thompson, sons of the lamented Major John Thompson, dec'd, whose obituary is printed elsewhere, were hastily summoned to our town last week, to attend the last sad rites to the memory of their father. We are glad to note that both are looking well. Joseph P. is connected with the extensive and prosperous notion house of Messrs. Young, Smyth, Field & Co., Philadelphia, but living when at home in Kittanning, Pa., while "Johnny" is an oil-producer in the Butler district. We are sorry two such elegant and good-looking men cannot be with us always.

—Thomas Quinn, a resident of Johnstown, while stealing a ride on a freight train in company with a man named Boyle, on Thursday night of last week, fell through a bridge at Mill Creek, a water-station on the Pennsylvania railroad. The train had stopped to take water and the men had climbed down from the cars. The conductor was notified, and after a search Quinn was found lying under the bridge, having fallen about thirty feet. He was placed in the caboose and taken to the next station, where a medical examination showed that, although no bones were broken, he had suffered serious internal injuries. He was taken to the Lancaster county hospital.

—Not content with sending us a copy of the Catholic Family Almanac for 1880—a most useful and interesting work costing only 25 cents—Mr. John J. Murphy, Catholic Bookseller, 130 Grant street, Pittsburgh, almost loaded us down while in that city with choice and elegant books for the holiday season—a kindness for which we return him the sincere thanks of the little folks to whom his generous remembrance came greeting. Mr. Murphy keeps everything desirable in the way of Catholic and standard works, school books, rosaries, crucifixes, religious pictures, fancy goods, stationery, etc., and as he sells as cheap as any man in the business, his old Cambria county friends should not forget him when they wish to purchase anything in that line.

—We are sorry to learn that the steam sawmill of Mr. Thos. H. Cresswell, of Strongstown, Indiana county, some twelve miles from this place, was burned to the ground about ten o'clock on Friday night last, involving a loss said to aggregate not less than $3,000, on which there is no insurance. The origin of the fire remains a mystery, but no signs of the employes visited the mill less than half an hour before the conflagration, and discovered no fire about the building, the concussion seems to be unavoidable that it was either the work of an incendiary or the result of carelessness on part of some one of the employees. The loss is a heavy blow on an energetic, hard-working and much esteemed gentleman, whose misfortune will be regretted by all who know him.

—Our late departed friend Tom Byrne not only did us many kindnesses (not of a spiritual nature, however, albeit he is in the wholesale and retail liquor business) during our recent sojourn in Pittsburgh, but he capped the climax by presenting us with a box of prime cigars, which we shall take pleasure in puffing to his honor and our own enjoyment. We also acknowledge a similar favor from our old-time friend Jas. E. Carzell, dealer in cigars and tobacco, 6th street, Pittsburgh, but as such courtesies are invariably extended to us by that gentleman at this season of the year, we will only say that we find the cigars first class and trust that our thanks will be accepted in the same ratio.

—Through an oversight on the part of the printer, the presentment of the Grand Jury of Cambria county, sitting last week, with Mr. C. P. Roberts as foreman, appeared shorn of a most important particular. The Court House in that document was not only branded as "utterly and entirely inadequate for the accommodation of the people of the county," but was also correctly condemned as being *unsafe*. The wall looking toward the Diamond is represented to be in an insecure condition, while in the not improbable event of a fire, the records of the county must irretrievably perish, thereby involving a world of trouble and expense on the people to duplicate the same. We *need* a new Court House. Every instinct of the property-holders must necessarily point in that direction, and if the late Grand Jury run counter to the popular demand, they will commit a mistake which will be altogether unpardonable.

—Our young friend and patron, Mr. Wm. A. Todd, a Cambria county gentleman well known and much esteemed, now residing at Scottdale, Westmoreland county, and until recently employed as freight agent at that point, has for some time been employed in the service of Messrs. L. H. Flick & Co., manufacturers and shippers of coke, as shipping clerk, at a sallary of $100 per month, which is an advance of $38 per month more than the wages paid him in his former position. Mr. John Yahner, also an esteemed patron of the *Freeman*, formerly agent at Kaylor's station, on our Branch road, has succeeded Mr. Todd as freight agent at Scottdale, and, like the gentleman who preceded him, is just the kind of man to give entire satisfaction to his employers as well as to the public at large. Both gentlemen have our earnest good wishes for long continual prosperity and well-deserved promotion.

DEATH OF "BLACK SAM."

—Not a few of our readers will be sorry to hear that "Black Sam," as he was familiarly called, or Samuel Williams, as he called himself—his true name being something else—died in Indiana town about a week ago. In years agone he was an employee about the several hotels of Ebensburg in the capacity of porter, doing his duty well, but supplementing the same himself as the possessor of a voice whose melody uptuned was wont to disturb the rest of our residents at about the hour of 5 o'clock, rain or shine, every morning. Sam was born in Virginia, of negro parents, and was a slave, the name of his master being Sanderson. Becoming dissatisfied with slavery, at the age of 20 he probably split on a rail for Ohio and succeeded, after a variety of adventures, in reaching Pennsylvania. Our first acquaintanceship with him dates in 1850, when Sam was living in Duncansville, Blair county. The old Portage Railroad was then in existence, and Sam, on the look-out for passengers for the hotel which he represented, chanced to see amongst the throng the familiar face of his old master. "What, did I do then?" said Sam; "why, I just got a big carving-knife and stuck it in my boot, and then I scooted for some place where there was no railroad!" He was not pursued, owing to a multiplicity of reasons too numerous necessary to enumerate, but up to the hour of the enunciation by President Lincoln of the proclamation abolishing slavery throughout the length and breadth of the Union, he was haunted by a continual fear of recapture and re-enslavement. He is gone, and peace to his manes!

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

—A circular recently issued by Prof. H. Berg, Superintendent of Common Schools for Cambria county, informs all concerned that a Teachers' Institute will be held in Johnstown beginning Monday afternoon, 29th instant, and continuing till the ensuing Friday. The instructors and the subjects they will drill on are given as follows: S. T. Kirkwood, L. L. D., of Wooster University, Ohio, will give instruction on Methods of Instruction, Civil Government, Physical Geography, Reading, Geography, History, Spelling, Language Lessons, &c. Prof. J. V. Montgomery, of Millersville State Normal School, will instruct in Industrial and Primary Drawing, Penmanship, &c. Hon. Henry Houck, Deputy Superintendent, the candidly added, formal lecture, will instruct in Grammar, School Management, How to Conduct Recitations, School Organization, &c. Prof. S. Willis Fair, of the State Normal School, Indiana, Pa., will instruct in Mathematics, Methods of Teaching Arithmetic, Elements of some of the higher branches, &c. Prof. Fair is reported as the only undoubted gentleman of the above named. He who deals with Mr. Wolf will never regret having done so.

A MAN may have wisdom and worth,
And humor and wit at his call;
But what do these matter on earth,
If he has not the where-withal?
His home may be circled with friends,
If he only can keep up the ball;
But friendship soon changes and ends,
If he has not the where-withal.

Talking about the "where-withal," which means money: It takes only the merest modicum of dollars and cents to buy a suit of winter clothing at Simon & Rendheim's, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona. Their stock, chosen with special reference to the wants of a people who live on and in the neighborhood of the Allegheny Mountains, is not only very large, but also very cheap. This firm desire you, reader, to favor them with an order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WANTED.—Sherman & Co., Marshall, Mich., want an agent in this county at once, at a salary of $100 per month and expenses paid. For full particulars address as above. [11-21-4t.]

KILLED IN MICHIGAN.

—The following letter, which owing to some delay in mailing did not reach us in time for our last issue, furnishes a brief account of the death by violence of a young man named Albert Hall, who is said to have relatives living in this county, and who, if we mistake not, was at one time a resident of White township. Here, however, is the letter, which speaks for itself:

BIG RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 1, 1879.

EDITOR CAMBRIA FREEMAN—*Dear Sir:* I write to inform you of the sad fate of Albert Hall, who left his home in Ebensburg, Pa., about a year ago yesterday. He had been drinking pretty freely of late, and while under the influence of liquor was considered a bad, desperate character. He had an opponent instantly, but he himself lingered about fifteen minutes after received the fatal wound. I had been acquainted with the deceased for a short time, and have every evidence that he was from your county. I write this in hopes that it will meet the eyes of some of those near and dear to him. Please publish and oblige a true friend of the deceased.

Yours, &c., C. V. MCLAUGHLIN.

ANOTHER SPIRIT BRIDE.

—A happy looking young man was observed leaning against a lamp post on Webster street, yesterday. He was approached by a reporter, who asked him to reveal the secret of his happiness. With a smile he answered that he had obtained the consideration for a poor young man—a spirit bride. She materialized about three times each day. He could place his fingers on her, but the materialization never lasted for more than ten or fifteen minutes, and while he was yet caressing her she would dissolve into thin smoke and disappear. He hesitated when asked her name, but finally said the initial of her first name was "Lizzie Butler." Ask Mr. J. Dougherty, 434 Penn avenue, Pittsburg.

THERE was a young man with a shaddock,
Who met a young maid with a haddock;
He thought to her heart
She would give me that fish,
In legal exchange, for my shaddock."

Then the story goes on to say that the young lady would have been entirely willing to swap the haddock for the shaddock, but the only understood the sentiments of the young man, and would have given something to boot, like, and the moral undertaken to be conveyed in that fate is sometimes cruel. But the moral or the fates is this, which leaves a person in ignorance of the fact that Godfrey Wolff, next door to the postoffice, Altoona, keeps the most extensive and the cheapest stock of ready-made clothing in Western Pennsylvania. He who deals with Mr. Wolf will never regret having done so.

Five Hundred Thousand Strong.

In the past few months there has been more than 500,000 bottles of Dr. Benjamin Hoofland's Herbine sold. Think of the vast number of people who have used it more than 2,000 persons afflicted with **Consumption** have been cured. All Coughs, Croup, Asthma and Bronchitis yield at once; hence it is that everybody speaks to its praise. To those who have not used it, let us say: If you have a Cough, or your child the Croup, and you value life, don't fail to try it. Portland Block, Silk Street, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by R. J. Lloyd, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [9-12,'79.—e.o.w.6m.]

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and a sweet breath. Price, 50 cts. Sold by R. J. Lloyd, Ebensburg. [9-12—e.o.w.6m.]

THE SECOND WEEK OF COURT.

—A session of Court for the trial of civil causes was held in the Court House beginning at 11 o'clock last Monday forenoon. His honor Judge Dean presided, with Associate Flanagan on his right and Associate Thomas on his left.

Forty-one jurors answered to their names. The following cases were continued:

Mrs. C. B. M. White vs. B. B. Martin, and J. C. Martin, and J. B. Stineback, *scire facias*.

John Bradley vs. Patrick Bisbon, *scire facias*.

Union Ins. Insurance Company of Blair county vs. D. C. Beak, John Wagner, Geo. Yahner, Patrick Maloy, W. J. Buck, Lewis Burgoon, Matthew Ivory, and John Kratzer, eight cases; continued by consent.

A. J. Christy vs. William Baker, feigned issue. Judgment, on trial of former recovery entered by consent for defendant.

Executors of Michael Weakland, dec'd, vs. Thomas J. Byrne, appeal. Continued at cost of plaintiff.

Dr. George Rex vs. Rogers, ejectment.

The case of Ellen Hannan vs. M. W. Keim & Co., feigned issue, was settled, the issue being dismissed at cost of plaintiff.

Mary A. Bradley, executrix of John Bradley, dec'd, vs. John Boss, replevin. This case was for the value of a colt and other domestic animals. Jury find property of right belongs to plaintiff, but assess no damages.

Commonwealth vs. Cassimer Bowers, charged with "Can see the point," bravely asked the older child of the doorkeeper at that portion of the Grand Depot. "Yes, of course you can," he cordially answered, and on they passed, to be quickly added, from the gentlefurnishing department, Jennie, the elder, merely remarking to her little sister, "I say, Lou, if dad didn't get drunk he might buy some of these elegant clothes, he might," and Lou whispered, looking back as if afraid, "Dad" might be there to overhear, "Don't keep much mother, if Dad has em or not, I think, but I wish Robby could have them ones," pointing to a warm suit for a small boy. Long the little ones lingered in the millinery department, the pretty ornaments for bonnets, feathers and fine trimmings Lou even ventured to suggest that "Mammy nd look fit to kill" in a modest bonnet of black velvet, with a neat satin bow upon its front, which brought to Jennie a memory of other days when "Mammy had one more like it once, and rather one had one of them long black feathers on't." How they admired the dainty little fascinators, fitted rich-colored hose, the neckties with gloriously-colored sashes and bows for their hair.

"Wish I could tech one o' them ere soft things," sighed Lou, when passing the fur counter.—"Looks just like pussycat's back!" "But you can't," said conscientious Jennie. "Looker there, Lou, it's all hung in a regular gown." Lou did stand upon which was exhibited one of Wanamaker's cosiest importations, and exquisite costume of velvet, brocade and satin, garnished with paneornamental beads and fringe.

"And see that cloak, too! my eyes! It's every bit as grand as the one the good lady wore as came in the corridor and brought on the chicken and vegetables this mornin'. Wonder what made mammy cry? Wish I could get her one of them shawls," continued the child, "this here rag er hern won't look much more after to-night." She had espied the children's stockings, and then taking in the children's department on the other side, she went into ecstacies over the dainty velvet and lace shoes, the fleecy hose, the warm suits, caps and cloaks "all her size." Practical Jennie wished to grandma she could buy one or them big, soft quilted shawls for the baby, as Jamie's mammy would not shiver so, when we don't pick up coal ernuf to keep fire all night; and then they went hand-in-hand through the labyrinth, stopping now and then at a counter, as Lou would say, to speak such as: "Lou, I'd like to give dad a big silk handkercher, even if he is mean." Little Lou, with her artistic eye, admired the dainty laces and longed to touch them, like to see if it felt like the frost-work on the window or drop to pieces like the great convex in the kind lady's garden.

"Wonder how they make 'em outer?" queried Lou, "and how they make all them party things outer, the bits 'er silk and worsted," said Jennie, as they neared the fancy-work counter in the centre of the building.

"How do you know what they make 'em outer?" questioned Lou.

"Didn't my Sunday-school teacher learn me to make one once? God bless our home!" replied Jennie, and Lou remarked, "Guess she never saw our room—did she now?"

"I like for forget," said thoughtful Jennie; "she go in here and get mammy her Thanksgivin'; and through to the notions counter went the little ones and bought a spool of thread, a present for mammy. "She does use the most of my money," she remarked confidentially to the saleslady, and then the child wondered how in the world her money bought two spools of thread and a paper of needles as well as keep the candle dips per bag that night to put the thread in mammy's box for morning. "Oh, Jennie! Jennie!" sessed Lou, "see the pretty, pretty Dolls, with caps and tams on top of 'em." But Jennie had resolved over to see the lovely bottles and pocketbooks and cards and inkstands and the charming little things like to greet dad's grandly's house. "Guess 'twould take lots or money to buy one er them silver dolls," said Lou.

"Don't keep much 'boot it ever," said Jennie; "but I would like for take mammy a new cup and saucer, a plate and a tumbler for her ownself; but, Lou, ain't this shiny room just like a picter?"

"Yes, bottiful," replied Lou. "Oh, O my-key! look at them shoes! I speek there's more'n a million here!"

"Lou," whispered Jennie, "less go up them stairs, I want for get a wiggle for baby Joe." Nobody said nothing to the children, but, nevertheless, watchful eyes were upon them, and kind hearts were planning a pleasure. Up stairs they went, and there they actually held their breath with delight.

"Spect the fairies live up here," said Lou.—"No, Lou, I don't; but I guess Jesus, 'cause He says Santa Claus keeps what he's agoin' to give to good children Christmas; we haven't been very good, Lou, me an' you, so we needn't 'spect nothin' nohow; but He could add a few, for her first remark might excite hope in Lou's bosom, that she, poor child, knew could not be gratified. "Well, les play we are agoin' to buy presents for little children," Jennie gravely said.

So up and down the counters they went and made their selections—a doll, a doll-house and furniture, a game of lotto, a sewing-box, some purple and drab for Bob and playthings for the neighbors' children—and then, still hand in hand, they went down the wide stairway. As they reached the bottom a silver dollar rolled toward them and nestled at Jennie's feet, as much as to say, "Pick me up."

"Somebody's lost it," said Lou.

"I guess," said Jennie to a kind saleslady, "where's the lost-and-found room? I've somethin' to take there. My brother was cash boy here once, and he told me." Which room? Why, buy something with it for your sister and yourself."

There was a tearful look of thanks, a whispered consultation, and—here's where the power of child-love and the patience of mercy is beautifully illustrated—going to the lady, Jennie said:

"If you please, ma'am, a lady brought mammy a chicken and vegetables for dinner to-morrow, but mammy's tea and sugar's mos gone and she ain't had no coffee in a long time, and if you be willin' we'd like to get her them for Thanksgivin'."

"Why, you dear little soul," said the lady, remembered mourning spent in John Wanamaker's beautiful place of resort, the well-known Grand Depot. N. L.

A GOOD NEWSPAPER IS THE CHEAPEST LITERATURE.

—It is a remarkable fact that the general appreciation in prices consequent upon the revival of prosperity throughout the United States finds an exception in the cost of literature of every kind. This is emphatically an era of cheap literature, and newspapers, after all, are the cheapest of literature. A journal like the Philadelphia WEEKLY TIMES, the fifty-two numbers issued in a year forming quite a library of reading matter, is easily within the reach of the most depleted purse. The WEEKLY TIMES is a newspaper, but something more than a newspaper. While all the news of the week is fully covered by correspondents stationed at all the great centres of population, and all other approved agencies for the collection of news are employed, equal pains are taken to occupy a field of literary and industrivity. Fiction, poetry, sketches of travel, adventure and biography, essays in popular science, the latest aspects of modern thought, are given adequate treatment from week to week. All topics of political, commercial, religious, social and general interest are fearlessly discussed in the editorial columns, while the choicest literary, musical, dramatic and literary, are in competent hands, matters of domestic economy have special attention, and the press of all countries is made to pay tribute to its columns. The best writers of hundreds of American readers. These assertions are broad, but they are justified by the nearly unanimous verdict of the press and the people of Philadelphia WEEKLY TIMES is the best family newspaper now published. In calling attention to the remarkably liberal terms which are offered to subscribers for the year 1880, we feel that we but pay a due tribute to its merits in American history—we feel that we are doing good service to all who desire to enjoy during that year the visits of a newspaper which, while holding the highest rank in the progressive journalism of the day, is so thoroughly imbued with a wholesome spirit that it may be admitted into any family circle confident that it will become a favorite alike with father, mother and children. THE WEEKLY TIMES is now offered at $1.25 per copy when sent in clubs of twenty, and for 20 cents to those who send for "The Annals of the War," a volume of 800 pages, beautifully illustrated, are sent postage free to any address.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR JANUARY greets the New Year with a face of smiling beauty, containing a varied feast of good things for lovers of literature and fashion. The steel plate is one of Darley's masterpieces—a party of happy people seeing the old year out, the new year in. In this number is commenced a new serial by Christian Reid, whose novel in the Lady's Book last year won universal favor. The new story opens with great interest and promises to be one of this popular author's best works. There is a colored entorical picture of the Amateur's first trail, in which the tracks of an old house cat are being closely investigated by a city fop, arrayed in gorgeous costume for hide and seek in the fallen leaves. A pattern, full page, for a glove box, in addition to patterns for toilet and fancy articles, numerous and varied. The recipes are for "The Room," and offer many appetizing dishes for invalids. In addition to Christian Reid's novel, "Roslyn's Fortune," there are contributions from many popular writers, and a commencement of "Gold Dust," by Mrs. Dunn, and a summary given of previous chapters, for new subscribers. We will furnish the OAMBRIA FREEMAN and Godey's Lady's Book for one year at the low price of $3.00 on application at this office.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two souls that bill and coo;
He said, "I am 'loor sugar plum,
Whose sugar plum are 'oo?"
"Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold"—
Sang the wife—but Jack replied,
"Turn your switch the other side."

Then they quit poetry, and came down to solid prose. "Why are your feet so cold, darling?" asked Jack, and then she answered: "It is because the shoes which I wear leak water through their soles." Whereupon Jack became energetically and unanimously angry, and demanded why in the name of Moses and the prophets she didn't buy shoes that wouldn't leak. She meekly answered that it was by reason that within only a few days she had learned that such quality of shoes was in the market, and that S. Blumenthal, 119 Eleventh avenue, was the gentleman who was sole dispenser of that quality of goods. His stock is large, cheap, and reliable.

Pathos in a Palace of Fashion.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 6, 1879.—It is no wonder that children get almost wild with delight during the week preceding Christmas day. Even mature intellects and well balanced minds are apt to forget means and try to secure ends when yielding to the temptations that meet them in the palaces of fashion which are now invitingly thrown open for their inspection during the season of preparation for the festival of its year, the day of bestowing and receiving good gifts.

Will you excuse your correspondent for the pause if her faithful pen refuses to elaborate fashions and styles and gives you this time a sketch of one of the pathetic scenes which daily are enacted in that wonderful business world, the Grand Depot?

At a somewhat early hour of the morning preceding Thanksgiving day, two little girls stood by the first Market-street entrance of the Grand Depot. They were not by any means inviting children. If their portraits were taken you would see two quaint, clean-faced, but dirty-handed girls, dressed in odds and ends; the elder, about 10 years of age, evidently had on mamma's best wrap, an old, faded shawl, for the points in the back trailed on the ground, barely showing that her shoes and stockings were old and much too large. An old straw hat was pushed back from her face, revealing a mass of tangled, uncombed and smoothly-combed mass of rich brown hair. The other, two or three years younger, was better dressed in well-worn but comfortable garments; a faded plaid dress, a warm woolen shawl and hood, through which could not completely hide the fair tangled curls that proud mothers well might covet for their cherished darlings. "Can we come in here?" the advanced journalism of the day, is so thoroughly imbued with a wholesome spirit that it may be admitted into any family circle confident that it will become a favorite alike with father, mother and children. THE WEEKLY TIMES is now offered at $1.25 per copy when sent in clubs of twenty, and for 20 cents to those who send for "The Annals of the War," a volume of 800 pages, beautifully illustrated, are sent postage free to any address.

OBITUARY.

THOMPSON.—Died, on Friday morning, Dec. 5, 1879, at his residence in this place, of apoplexy, Major JOHN THOMPSON, aged 72 years 6 mos.

The deceased was one of our best known and most esteemed citizens. On the Wednesday preceding his death, he walked to the post-office, seemed to be in the enjoyment of his usual excellent health, but while standing in the doorway of his store-room, on High street, he suddenly fell heavily to the pavement. He was picked up and carried into the store, after which, medical skill was speedily summoned. In the course of an hour or two he recovered sufficiently to be removed to his residence on Centre street, where he remained throughout the rest of Wednesday and all of Thursday, without his condition giving rise to any doubt as to his ultimate recovery. But on Thursday night a change came, and, after a second visitation became manifest, and, after a struggle, the spirit of Major Thompson passed from time to eternity.

The subject of this memoir was born in Washington township, Indiana county, Pa., on the first day of June, 1804, and consequently was in the seventy-sixth year of his age when the dread summons came. In the year 1818 he left home and went into the employ of Mr. John Dennison, of Indiana borough, to be instructed in the mercantile business, where he remained until he had attained the age of 21 years. Subsequently, he removed to Kittanning, where, as a salesman, he was employed in the store of Mr. Houston. Later, he served in the store of Mr. Thomas McCreary, of Frankstown, Blair county, for several years; after which, he went into partnership in the mercantile business with Mr. John Patton in Hartsville. At or about this time—that is to say, on March 22nd, 1830—he was married to Miss Ellen J. Patton, of Frankstown. This much esteemed and greatly lamented lady died quite suddenly about eight years ago, her disease also being apoplexy. Upon the death of John Dennison, the partnership existing between Major Thompson and John Patton was dissolved, the former assuming the business in his own name and continuing business as sole proprietor up to 1841. In the year last named, he removed to Armagh, Indiana county, where he resided until the year 1847, when he came to Ebensburg.

The career of Major Thompson as a settlzen of this place is patent to all our readers. He was handled respectively of the hotels now known as the Cambria House and the Mountain House and subsequently engaged in his familiar pursuit of merchandising. He took a prominent part in our local politics, and for several years was postmaster for this borough. In that capacity as in the performance of all the other important public duties to which he was called by the preference of his fellow citizens, he gave absolute satisfaction. In a word, he was one for whom in his entire community may be said to mourn that he has been taken away for possessing as he did a kind and genial disposition, he endeared himself to all our people, and especially to the children, for whom he always took a loving interest, and for whom, as we know from personal observation in our own family circle, he at all times manifested the greatest tenderness. Having been a member of the Presbyterian Church during the greater portion of his life, he died, we doubt not, in hopes of a blessed immortality.

The remains were interred in Lloyd Cemetery Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, followed by a very large concourse of relatives and friends. Tears and sighs, Miss Josephine Shiver, daughter of Mr. Anthony Shiver, of Munster township, aged aged about 20 years. Remains of deceased were brought home Friday evening and interred in the Methodist Episcopal burying ground on following afternoon. May her soul rest in peace.

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

—Notice is hereby given that the annual election of Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria County will be held at their office, Ebensburg, on Monday

CARE OF STOCK IN WINTER.

Not half the farmers give this subject the thought and attention its importance demands. It requires more nice and discriminating judgment to feed and take proper care of stock in the winter season than it does to raise and secure that feed in the summer season. This may be considered by some an extravagant assertion, but those who so claim certainly take poor care of their stock. Two things are to be taken into account in wintering stock. First, keeping the stock in good, thriving condition; second, economizing and saving fodder. I claim that by economizing and making stock eat up close all the fodder given, they can be brought through the winter in better condition than when a slovenly, careless method is practised. Of course I base these remarks on the idea that fodder must be secured at the right time and in the best possible condition. It is very easy, by overfeeding, to teach stock of any kind to waste their food, and when that habit is once acquired it is hard to break it up, especially with young stock. First, secure the food in the best possible condition; second, furnish good, comfortable sheds and stables suited to the different kinds of stock; third, make good mangers and racks, so there can be no possibility of waste, and then feed just the amount, as near as possible, that the different kinds of stock will eat, and if at the next feeding time some is left, not quite so much is to be given; but if all is eaten clean, then increase a little. In this way the amount stock will eat can be arrived at very closely. But when any is left that you don't expect to be eaten, always clean it from the racks or mangers, as the case may be. The idea is to make stock eat all they will and not waste any, to keep it in thriving condition, and by economizing in feed a two-fold gain is made.

Every good farmer who does any part of his own work can put in his time to the best advantage by taking care of his own stock, and let the hired help do the straight work in the fields or woods, for not one hired man in ten can be intrusted with the care of stock in the winter time, either from a lack of judgment or the want of care, or both. To be a good hand with stock a man must like the business and have some interest in it. He must be gentle and kind, and then the stock will like him and they will get along first-rate together. A howling, wild, uncultivated fellow has no business taking care of stock. Any one that will abuse the dumb brutes that God has given us for our most pressing needs, and has not given the tongue to tell the abuse they receive, is not much better than the brute himself, and never should be intrusted with the care of stock.

But the most critical time for stock, and when most liable to lose in flesh, is at the last end of grazing and first end of feeding time. When pastures get short, and the grass is injured by frosts, stock of all kinds are liable to lose in flesh, unknown to the careless and unobserving farmer; and when stock lose flesh in this way, five times the amount of feed is required to restore the loss that it would have required to prevent it, besides the set back in the growth of the stock. The farmers who are the most liberal feeders do not always obtain the best results, from the fact that they don't feed with judgment and uniformity. Calves and lambs, when feed begins to fail late in the fall, should have a small extra ration of some kind, so there will be no check in their growth, and at the same time be taught to take hold of the regular winter rations, and prevent a falling off, just on going into winter quarters. Farm horses that lie idle in the stables the most of the time in winter are an exception to the rule, and should not be fed all they can eat. Many farmers think it cheaper to winter their farm teams mostly on hay, and, with this view, keep their mangers full constantly. This I think a mistaken policy. Many horses are spoiled by eating too much hay. When stuffed for weeks and months, with but little exercise, they grow pot-bellied, hair looking rough and standing on end, looking more like a hedgehog than a horse, and in many instances resulting in heaves and many other diseases. Scrimp a horse on hay and give some grain, and it will keep in better condition for either work or standing idle.—*Practical Farmer.*

GEN. WASHINGTON'S SWORD.—One of the most interesting relics of the Revolutionary war is in possession of Dr. W. A. Spotswood, a citizen of Mobile. It is nothing less than the sword of Washington, the old, trusted weapon which was wielded in that great struggle for the liberties we enjoy to-day. This sword was presented to the present possessor's grandfather, Gen. Alex. Spotswood, of Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, by Gen. Washington himself, on the occasion of the visit made by Gen. S. to Gen. W. at Mt. Vernon in 1798—one year before the death of Gen. Washington. It was presented Gen. Spotswood by Gen. Washington as a memento of the high regard in which the latter held the former. At the time it was presented the owner of the sword was using it as a pruning-knife, and was at the time trimming his trees. Dr. S. only retains the sword intact—the belt and scabbard having been stolen from the house of the father of Dr. S., at Springfield, Ill. The sword was converted into a pruning-knife by General Washington himself by changing one edge of it to a saw. As will be seen, the sword has been in the Spotswood family since 1798, having regularly descended from the father to son, as it will continue to do. Dr. W. A. W. Spotswood, who has the sword in his possession, is now 73 years of age.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.*

FECUNDITY OF GRAIN.—A single plant of corn, either wheat, barley, or oats, by being allowed proper time and ample space for the full development of its roots, leaves and branches, is naturally capable of producing eighty ears or four thousand fold. Anomalous, however, as this may appear, yet it is certain and as strictly true, that not fifty-fold, or one perfect ear, is obtained from each grain planted throughout the entire breadth of the United Kingdom; and it would require a countless number of ifs, ands buts, to prove the contrary, though but few words to substantiate the truth of this assertion, namely, "That were it so, as a necessary consequence 100 bushels per acre would be an average crop, viz: fifty times as much as is sown, say at two bushels only per acre as seed for wheat, barley and oats; but it is a fact, not too much to affirm, that scarcely half this much—incredible as it may appear at first sight—is actually obtained; about 32 to 50 bushels per acre being a fair average crop of all kinds of grain, so estimated by the most able and trustworthy statisticians of the present day.—*Hardy's Essay on the Calculation of Grain.*

READING.—A good reader is not one who is drilled in a few selections till he can imitate somebody's tones and inflections, but he who can first take in at sight, and then express with the voice, the thought of the author. After the first step no finical corrections ought to be made while the pupil is reading. If he has so grasped the thought that he unconsciously substitutes an appropriate synonym, this is an excellence. It is often treated as a blemish. In the more advanced stages, no child can become a good reader by poring over his exercises before reading it aloud. He ought frequently to practice reading at sight. In this way the eye learns to read a line or section in advance of the voice.

Y Y OO U UNN N GGG A MM MM EEEEE RRRR II CC A
Y Y O O U UNN NG G AA MM M MM E R RR II C C AA
Y Y O O U UNN NG A A M M M M E R R II C AA
Y O OU UNN NG AAA M MM MEE RRRR IIC AAA
Y O O U UNNNG A AM M ME R RII C A A
Y OO UU N NN GGG A AM M MEEEER RII CC A A

STILL LEADS THE VAN!

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

Young America Clothing House

Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

READ THE NEW PRICE LIST

—OF—

Fall and Winter Goods

—AT THE—

BIG "BOSS" CLOTHING HOUSE

OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA!

WE SNATCHED THESE

GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW

that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!

THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!

A TERRIBLE PANIC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers wi please ca early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FOLLOWING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Man's Good Working Suit for ..... $ 7.25 (that others sell for $3.50)
A Man's Good Warm Suit for ..... 4.00 (that others sell for $6.00)
A Man's Good Warm Suit for ..... 5.00 (that others sell for $7.00)
A Man's Good Business Suit for ..... 7.00 (that others sell for $9.00)
A Man's Extra Good Business Suits for ... 9.00 (that others sell for $11.50)
A Man's Good Dress Suit for ..... 12.00 (that others sell for $15.00)
A Man's Extra Good Dress Suit for ..... 18.00 (that others sell for $22.00)
A Man's Good Overcoat for ..... 2.50 (that others sell for $3.50)
A Man's Good Overcoat for ..... 5.00 (that others sell for $7.50)
A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for ..... 8.00 (that others sell for $11.50)
A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for ..... $10.00 (that others sell for $13.00)
A Man's Good Warm Coat for ..... 1.50 (that others sell for $2.25)
A Man's Good Working Pants for ..... 75c. (that others sell for 21.00)
A Man's Good Dress Shirt for ..... 50c. (that others sell for 75c.)
A Man's Good Hat for ..... 38c. (that others sell for 75c.)
A Boy's Good Hat for ..... 25c. (that others sell for 40c.)
A Child's Suit, (from 3 to 8 years, (the child, not the suit,) for ..... 2.25 (that others sell for $3.25)
A Boy's Good Suit, from 9 to 12 years, (the boy, not the suit,) for ..... 3.00 (that others sell for $4.50)
A Man's Suit of Underclothing for ..... 40c. (that others sell for 75c.

DON'T INVEST YOUR MONEY IN CLOTHING

Before you examine the above priced Goods at the

Young America Clothing House,

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,

ALTOONA, PA.

Sept. 26, 1879.-7m.

Observe This!—Preserve This!

No Agents Employed. Bought Direct from Headquarters. Saved Commission.

THE CRY ALL OVER THE COUNTRY IS THAT GOODS HAVE ADVANCED AND THAT they cannot now be bought low enough to be sold at the same prices as last year; but if you will only call on **Chas. Simon's New Clothing Depot, Altoona, Pa.**, it will be made manifest to you that wearing apparel at least can be sold much cheaper than ever before, as the following figures will clearly demonstrate:

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Men's Overcoats, heavy, at ..... $ 2.25
Men's Overcoats, black, at 1.00
Men's Overcoats, chinchilla, at 4.75
Men's Overcoats, heavy chinchillas, at 5.50
Men's Overcoats, heavy beaver, at 6.75
Men's Overcoats, finer grades, up to 20.00
Men's Ulsters, heavy cassimere, at 3.00
Men's Ulsters, finer and better, at 6.50
Men's Ulsters, still finer and better 12.50
Men's Suits, neat but not nobby, at 3.75
Men's Suits, for business wear, at 5.85
Men's Suits, for fine dress, at 9.75
Men's Suits, for fine dress, at 12.85
Men's Suits, very fine, at ..... $15.25 and 17.15
Men's Suits, the very finest, at $18.25, $19.50 and 20.00
Men's Heavy Coats, at ..... $3.00, $3.50 and 3.50
Youths' Suits, the cheapest and nicest assortment in the city.
Boys' Suits, of all textures and prices, and guaranteed the cheapest in the city.

PANTALOON DEPARTMENT.

Men's heavy Jean Pantaloons, at ..... 75c. and 99c.
Men's better Pantaloons, at $1.25
Men's Fine Pantaloons, at 1.75
Man's Black Doeskin Pantaloons, at 2.25
Men's fine Dress Pantaloons, at 2.50
Men's Cassimere Pantaloons, at 2.75
Men's Pantaloons, various styles, from $3.50 to $4.
A fine assortment of spring-bottom Pantaloons, in prices ranging from $1.50 to $4.75.
Vests from 50c. up.
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF PANTALOONS IN THE CITY.

HAT AND CAP DEPARTMENT.—Wool Hats at 35c., 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.25; Stiff Wool Hats, latest styles, at 50c., 65c., 85c., $1.00 and $1.25; Fur Hats at 90c., 95c., $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00 and $3.50; Boys' and Youths' Hats, from 25c. to $1.75; Caps for fall and winter wear, all styles and sizes, at 25c., 35c., 40c., 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.25. THE LARGEST STOCK, LATEST STYLES AND LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT.—Good Colored Dress Shirts at 35c.; Better Shirts at 50c.; Finer Shirts at 75c.; White Shirts at 80c.; Better White Shirts at 75c.; Very Good White Shirts at 85c.; Fine White Shirts at $1.00; Unlaundried Shirts at 25c., 35c. and 50c.; Undershirts and Drawers at 25c., 40c., 50c. and 75c. each; Red Flannel Shirts at 75c., $1.25 and $1.50 each; Men's Cotton Hose, 3c., 5c., 8c., 10c., 12½c., 15c., 20c., 25c. and 35c.; Wool Hose, 8c., 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c. and 35c.

The Largest and Cheapest Stock of Trunks and Valises in the City.

☞ Persons in city and country wishing to test the truth or the above assertions in relation to our goods and prices are respectfully invited to call at

Charles Simon's New Clothing Depot,

In Dr. Christy's Building, in rear of P. R. R. Passenger Depot.

Corner 11th Avenue and 13th Street, - - ALTOONA, PA.

SIX CORD SEMPLE'S SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON

ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, Paris, 1878 AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, 1876, As being "Very STRONG, SMOOTH, and EXCELLENT THREAD."

TRY IT S.F.T. ESTABLISHED 1836.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY BY USING

MANUFACTURED AT MOUNT HOLLY, N.J. STUART & BRO (LIMITED) AGENTS, SYRACUSE

MEDALS AWARDED PARIS, PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK & BOSTON.

SOFT FINISH

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1870-1y.*

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. ☞ Office and residence adjoining Post-Office, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. [4-4, 1866.]

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN, *Surgeon Dentist,*

WILL make professional visits to Ebensburg on the FIRST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one week. Also, will be in Wilmore on the SECOND MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one day. All work warranted.

Feb. 28, 1879.-tf.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.) Centre street. [1-22, '76.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. 18-27, '72-1

OUR PRESIDENTS.

George Washington of Virginia, born February 22, 1732; elected Commander-in-Chief of the Continental army in 1775; first inaugurated as President in the city of New York, April 30, 1789; second inauguration in 1793; died December 14, 1799, aged 68 years.

2. John Adams of Massachusetts, born in 1735; inaugurated March 4, 1797; died July 4, 1826, aged 90 years.

3. Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, born in 1743; first inauguration in Washington in 1801; second inauguration in 1805; died July 4, 1826, aged 82 years.

4. James Madison of Virginia, born in 1751; first inaugurated in 1809; second inauguration 1813, died in 1837, aged 85 years.

5. James Monroe of Virginia, born in 1759; first inaugurated in 1817; second inauguration in 1821; died in 1831, aged 72 years.

6. John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts; born in 1767; inaugurated in 1825; died in 1848; aged 80.

7. Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, born 1768; first inaugurated 1829; second inauguration in 1833, died in 1845, aged 79 years.

8. Martin Van Buren of New York, born in 1782; inaugurated in 1837; died in 1862, aged 80 years.

9. William Henry Harrison of Ohio, born in 1773; inaugurated 1841; died in office, April, 1841; died aged 68 years.

10. John Tyler of Virginia, born in 1790; elected Vice President, and inaugurated as President in April, 1841; died in 1862, aged 72 years.

11. James K. Polk of Tennessee, born 1795; inaugurated 1845; died 1849, aged 54 years.

12. Zachary Taylor of Louisiana, born 1784; inaugurated in 1849; died in office in 1850, aged 66 years.

13. Millard Fillmore of New York, born in 1848, and inaugurated as President on the death of Gen. Taylor, in 1850; died March 8, 1874, aged 74 years.

14. Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, born in 1804; inaugurated in 1853 died in 1869, aged 65 years.

15. James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, born in 1791; inaugurated in 1857; died in 1864 aged 77 years.

16. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, born in 1809; first inaugurated in 1861; second inauguration in 1865; assassinated April 14, 1865, aged 56 years.

17. Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, born in 1808; elected Vice President and inaugurated as President in April, 1865 died July 31, 1875, aged 67 years.

18. Ulysess S. Grant of Illinois, born in 1822; first inauguration in 1869; second inauguration in 1873; term expired 4th of March, 1877.

19. Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio, born in 1824; inaugurated in March 1877 still in office. Inaugurated by fraud and crime. Samuel J. Tilden, born in 1815 elected by 260,780 majority of the whole vote, and one million of the white vote. Cheated out of his office by Republican politicians and office-holders. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

THOROUGHBRED CATTLE.

Dr. A. C. Stevenson, of Indiana, once drew comparison between American and English farmers as they were related to breeding. He said that English farmers had nothing to hope for with reference to bettering their condition except by making the land which they tilled yield as much as possible. They never could hope to own the land. Bending their energies, therefore, to the work of making the yield as bountiful and excellent as possible, they naturally enough sought to improve the breeds of domestic animals, with what success we all know. On the other hand the American farmer sought to own a farm, or if he owned one, to enlarge it, and in his endeavor to do this he neglected live stock and depended more upon his crops.

There is a great truth in this when applied to many of our farmers. The strangest thing, or at least one of the strangest, is that there are men even at this late day who fail to appreciate the value of cattle. They keep cows which do not pay for their keeping, and continue to keep the same cows year after year until they become so old that they are worthless for any other purpose. We have seen numbers of cows in our lives, and we have seen some of our Western farms this fall, that would not and will not recompense their owners for the feed they consume during the winter. Yet as the Western Rural said some weeks ago, and as everyone who reads knows, it has been possible during the last few years to buy Shorthorn, Hereford, Holstein or Jersey stocks at very low figures, so low, indeed, that the farmer who was not able to purchase, was the exception and by no means the rule. When so many of our farmers have sensibly concluded that corn will bring more in the market when it is shipped in pork or beef than in any other way, it must not be forgotten that there are a good many farmers that have not yet arrived at that conclusion, or if they have they do not act upon it.

There is more money in stock then in anything else, either in the products of the dairy or in the meat. But it must be good stock. We cannot fatten a saw-horse, and we cannot milk one. We need cattle that have good frames and that will lay on fat when they get ready to fit them for the shambles. We want more than this; we want cattle that will make good beef. Beef is an article universally sought after, and the most of people are fair judges of it. At least the consumer can tell whether beef is dry or juicy. And the English, whose markets we are anxious to supply, and which are open to us, will have nothing to do with poor beef. In every respect it will pay to keep good cattle, and our rearers of thoroughbred stock are prepared to furnish such at figures that are within the reach of almost every farmer.—*Western Rural.*

SILENT MEN.—Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States, the labor was almost wholly performed in Committee of the Whole, of which George Washington was chairman; he made two speeches during the convention, however, was acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that, had it not been for his personal popularity, and the thirty words of his first speech, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said that his greatest difficulty was finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influense over men superior in age and experience when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said: by reserve. The greatness of man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.

WATER is an excellent protector for half-hardy plants against frost. In southern Europe, where the winters are light, many tender plants remain safely out-of-doors all winter without being covered, by twisting straw into heavy ropes which, on cold nights, are made wet and then wound in zig-zag lines around plants and among the branches of trees and shrubs, each end being submerged in a pail of water. The water will rise by capillary attraction and keep the rope wet the whole length, and in the act of freezing enough heat is liberated from the water to raise the temperature of the atmosphere surrounding the plants, and thus save them from the cold. It is for the same reason that trees on a moist ground can withstand a severe frost better than trees on a dry soil.

A VISION OF DEATH.

SAVED BY A WORKINGMAN'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

The infernal (yet very useful) compound, says the Bradford (Pa.) *Era*, speaking of nitro-glycerine, is so swift and terrible in its work, and annihilatory in its effects that many persons experience a singular feeling if even in the presence of the harmless-looking fluid. They know that a slight concussion would send them into eternity with the rapidity of the lightning's flash, and hardly a trace of their bodies be found. Men who are accustomed to nitro-glycerine are supposed to have none of these feelings, and nerve is a necessary requisite. Nevertheless, the presence of appalling danger sometimes illustrates the best of them, as will be seen by the following incident:

At a certain factory not a hundred miles from Bradford were gathered the members of the firm and some of the workmen. The gentlemen were intently watching the process of manufacturing the explodent, when one of them incautiously dropped his cigar stub on the floor, which was covered with running water bearing on the surface small parcels of nitro-glycerine. The latter caught fire and burned brilliantly with a sputtering noise. To say that the speciators were alarmed would be to put it very mildly. They were simply paralyzed with terror, and watched the spreading of the fiery stream with the helpless fascination with which a victim is said to look in the glittering eyes of a rattlesnake. All around them were cans filled with nitro-glycerine, enough to annihilate an army, and every man felt as though he was the victim of a hideous nightmare which held him powerless. Flight was impossible; their limbs refused to perform their office, and an awful death seemed inevitable. The apparently doomed men saw the little lake of fire spread slowly but surely on the floor, and the flames hissed as though in triumph at the certain death that seemed to await their victims. None of the spectators will soon forget this thrilling episode in their lives, and money could not hire them to repeat the experiment. When the fire had almost reached a can filled with glycerine one of the workmen roused from his lethargy, and taking off his coat spread it on the floor and extinguished the flames, when of course all danger ceased. One of the gentlemen present, when describing his experience, said: "I never knew before what it was to be sick from fear. When I saw the infernal stuff burning, and felt that every man of us would be blown to atoms in five seconds, every muscle of my body seemed palsied. I gasped for breath, my head swam, and I only felt a deathly sensation of nausea in my stomach. All present turned an ashy paleness of the face. Then I vainly wondered whether there would be any pain in the deathstroke. The remembrance of a nitro-glycerine horror, where the still palpitating heart of one of its victims was picked up a minute after the explosion, came to my mind and I surmised whether my heart would undergo that strange experience after being torn from my body. The thought of my family caused me the most poignant anguish, and tears coursed down my cheeks. Then several incidents of my life, of which I cannot speak with pride, were vividly presented to my mind's eye and induced vague reflections on the subject of future punishment. Sometimes in my dreams I have felt myself in the presence of frightful peril, such as lying in the path of an express train or tottering on the brink of a vast abyss, but was utterly incapable of moving hand or foot for my preservation. So it seemed in this case. I could not lift a finger though there was comparative safety in flight, paralyzed with terror as was literally my condition. After what seemed an eternity of waiting for my inevitable fate, my attention was arrested by a movement on the part of one of the workmen, who took off his coat hurriedly. Then he bent forward, and, with the utmost deliberation, laid it on the pool of fire, moving it gently along and patting it with his hands until every spark was extinguished. The reaction from the terrible suspense was almost overpowering, and I felt weak as a child, but on going out into the open air my old-time spirits came back very rapidly. May I never have another such experience."

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & Co.

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Penn'a.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT

PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,

AND A GENERAL

BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

☞ Special attention paid to business of correspondents. A. W. HUCK, Cashier.

Nov. 19, 1875.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.

STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.

PROTECTION MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY

OF EBENSBURG, PA.

Premium Notes now in force - $123,000.

Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.

NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.

Good FARM Properties

ESPECIALLY DESIRED.

GEO. M. READE, President.

T. W. DICK, Secretary.

Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1879-1y.

Removed to Bank Building

—Next Door to Freidhoff's New Store.

CARL RIVINIUS,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

EBENSBURG

WOOLEN FACTORY!

COUNTRY WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE undersigned having recently purchased the property known as the EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY from the Assignee of A. Y. & Geo. W. Jones, desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that they propose putting said Factory in operation forthwith for the purpose of doing all kinds of COUNTRY WORK, such as Carding, Dyeing, Spinning, Weaving, &c. Will also Manufacture Blankets, Flannels, Cassimers and Yarn.

Having secured the services of an EXPERIENCED and PRACTICAL man to manage the business, we can guarantee entire satisfaction to all who favor us with their custom.

F. H. BARKER.
ALVIN EVANS.
ED. JAMES.

Ebensburg, May 2, 1879.-tf.

B. O. Oeschger,

FASHIONABLE CUTTER AND COSTUMER,

EBENSBURG, PA.

SHOP one door west of Huntley's store, where a choice assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., from which selections can be made, will at all times be kept on hand, and full suits or single articles of wearing apparel for either gents or youths will be made to order on the shortest notice, in the latest and best style, and at the lowest living price. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases and the best of work furnished fully as cheap as inferior clothing can be bought ready-made. ☞ A trial is earnestly solicited. B. O. OESCHGER.

Ebensburg, May 23, 1879.-tf.

CCCC HEAP! C C H H EEE A PPP EEE RRR !!! C C H H E AA P P E R R !!! CCCC HHH EE AAA PPP EE RRR !! C C H H E A P E R R !!! C C H H EEE A AP EEE R R !!! CCCC heapest!

GEO. HUNTLEY

HAS NOW ON HAND THE

LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED

STOCK OF

Hardware!

Stoves, Tinware,

GGGG HOUSEFURNISHING SSSSSS G G O O O O D D D D S G GG O O O O D D S GGGG OOOO OOOO DDDD SSSSSS

&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises

COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of various styles and patterns;

Builders' Hardware

of every description and of best quality;

CARPENTERS' TOOLS!

of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,

Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Nail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;

Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,

Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of

Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,

Carriage Oil Cloth,

PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; IMPORTED ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,

as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be

SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!

☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN

—ON THE SUBJECT OF—

Cheap Groceries!

By reading the advertissements, circulars, price-lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to

F. P. CONFER'S

MODEL GROCERY STORE!

1324 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,

And "confer" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in that city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Green, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., but can and does sell at prices fully as cheap if not a little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.

☞ Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria county and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine his goods and prices before buying at any other house.

F. P. CONFER,
Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

Feb. 28, 1879.

J. A. MAHER, Lilly, Pa.,

CASH DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Clothing,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Notions,

AND ALL OTHER KIND OF

STAPLE GOODS

usually kept in a first class country store.

Everything Sold as CHEAP FOR CASH

as at any other establishment in or out of the county, and country produce taken in exchange for merchandise at cash prices. The patronage of everybody wishing to get full value for their money is earnestly and respectfully solicited.

J. A. MAHER.

Lilly, Cambria Co., Pa., Sept. 12, 1872.-tf.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections especially. [10-14.-tf.]

Ayer's

Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH

BITTERS

A stout backbone is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the back and disorders of the liver and kidneys, the tonic and moderate dietetic action of the Bitters is the one thing needful. Remember that the stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and that by invigorating the digestion by this preparation, the spinal column and all its dependencies are strengthened.

For Hostetter's ALMANAC for 1880 apply to Druggists and Dealers generally.

SELLERS'

COUGH

SYRUP!

40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC

Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy NOW in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint, constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

October 24, 1879.-1y.

PROVERBS.

"For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, try Hop Bitters."

"Read of, procure and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong, healthy and happy."

"Ladies, do you want to be strong, healthy and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."

"The greatest appetizer, stomach, blood and liver regulator—Hop Bitters."

"Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers and Ladies need Hop Bitters daily."

"Hop Bitters has restored to activity and health, perfect wrecks from intemperance."

"Your stomach, sick headache and dizziness, use Hop Bitters cures with a few doses."

PROVERBS.

"$500 will be paid for a case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help."

"Hop Bitters builds up, strengthens and cures continually from the first dose."

"Kidney and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured by Hop Bitters."

HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best for children.

The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. Ask Druggists.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Manufacturing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Send for Circular

A Lecture

TO YOUNG MEN.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 Cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly demonstrates, from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, rings, instruments, or cordials, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent free, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box 4586.

October 17, 1879.-3m.

S. H. DECKER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, LILLY'S, CAMBRIA CO., PA., Offers his professional services to the citizens of Washington and adjoining townships. Office and residence on railroad street, opposite Passenger station, where night and day calls will receive prompt attention, regardless of distance or weather. Diseases of women and children a specialty. Lilly's, March 14, 1879.-1y.

DR. M. J. BUCK, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, ALTOONA, PA. Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M